THE VISIONS OF

Dom *Francisco* de *Quevedo*

VILLEGAS,

KNIGHT of the ORDER OF

St *JAMES.*

Made English by *R. L.*

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TO THE
READERS,
GENTLE *and* SIMPLE.

THis Preface *is meerly for* Faſhion-ſake, *to* fill *a* ſpace, *and* pleaſe *the* Stationer, *who ſays* 'tis neither *uſual* nor *handſome*, to leap immediately from the *Title-Page* to the *Matter*. *So that in ſhort, a* Preface *ye have, together with the* Reaſon *of it, both under One: but as to the* Ordinary Mode *and* Pretence *of* Prefaces, *the* Tranſlator *deſires to be excus'd. For he makes a* Conſcience *of a* Lye, *and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has*

publiſht This, either to Gratifie *the importunity of* Friends, *or to* Oblige *the* Publick, *or for any other Reaſon of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuſe of Scribling. Not but that he loves his* Friends, *as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the* Publick *too (as many a Man does a Coy Miſtreſs that has made his heart ake.) But to paſs from what had* no effect *upon him in this* Publication, *to that which* over-rul'd *him in it. It was pure* Spite. *For he has had hard Meaſure among the* Phyſicians, *the* Lawyers, *the* Women, &c. *And* Don Francisco de Quevedo, *in* Engliſh, Revenges *him upon all his* Enemies. *For it is a* Satyre, *that taxes* Corruption of Manners, *in*

all

all sorts *and* degrees *of people, without reflecting upon* particular States *or* Persons. *It is full of* Sharpness *and* Morality; *and has found so good* Entertainment *in the World, that it wanted only* English *of being baptiz'd into all* Christian Languages.

THE FIRST VISION OF THE *Algonazil* (or Catchpole) *poſſeſt.*

GOing t'other day to hear Maſs at a Convent in this Town, the door it ſeems was ſhut, and a world of people preſſing and begging to get in. Upon enquiry *What the matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorciſed*; (or *diſpoſſeſt*) which made me put in for one, to ſee the Ceremony: though to little purpoſe; for when I had half ſmothered my ſelf in the throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink my ſelf of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the ſtreets end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the ſame Convent; who told me over again what I had heard before, and taking notice of my curioſity, bad me

follow him; which I did, till with his *Paſſe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and ſo into the Veſtry: where we ſaw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow with a Tippet about his neck, as ill ordered as you'd wiſh; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a moſt hideous manner. Bleſs me, quoth I, (croſſing my ſelf) what ſpectacle have we here? This (ſaid the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's poſſeſt with an *Evil ſpirit. That's a damn'd lye*, (with reſpect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* poſſeſt with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* poſſeſt with a *man*; and therefore you ſhould do well to have a care what you ſay, for it is moſt evident, both by the Queſtion and Anſwer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to underſtand that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in ſpight of our hearts; and therefore to ſpeak properly, you are to ſay, this is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And,

And, to give you your Due, *you men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for *we flye from the Croſs*, whereas *They make uſe of it*, for a Cloak for their villany.

But though we *differ* thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correſpondence* in our *Offices*: If *we* draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, ſo do the *Catchpoles*; *we* pray for an encreaſe of *wickedneſs* in the world, ſo do *they*; nay and more zealouſly than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this the *Catchpoles* are worſe than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our* parts, we are *Angels* ſtill, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aſpiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas *the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but loſt in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as ſoon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algouazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your

Catchpole-Devils wear *Shooes* and *Stockings*, and we go *barefoot* after the Fashion of this reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirits mouth, washt his face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inne Pump.*] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extraction*, and more suitable to their manners.

Come,

Come, come, ſays the Father, there is no ear, nor credit to be given to this Villain, ſet but his tongue at liberty, and you ſhall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Miniſters of Juſtice, for keeping the World in Order and ſuppreſſing wickedneſs, becauſe it ſpoils his market. No more chopping of Logick good Mr. *Conjurer*, ſays the *Devil*: for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'l do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me my diſpatch out of this accurſed *Algouazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you muſt know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and ſhall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Raſcal Company. All in good time, ſaid the *Father*, thou ſhalt have thy diſcharge; that is to ſay, in pity to this miſerable Creature, and not for thy own ſake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a conteſt betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the *two*.

The Conjurer did not at all reliſh theſe wild and malicious replies; but to

me the Dialogue was extream pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, my *Good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessour*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention! keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'l be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had? whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more room

room for them: Nor is there any thing in Nature ſo pleaſant as a Poet in the firſt Year of his *probation*; he comes ye laden forſooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Minos*.

Well, ſaid I, but what's their puniſhment (for I began now to make the *Poets* caſe my own) Their puniſhments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and ſuited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works: (and this is the plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thouſand year, and yet ſtill poring upon ſome old Stanza's they have made of Jealouſie. Some again are beating their fore-heads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noſes with hot Irons, in rage that they cannot come to a reſolution, whether they ſhall ſay *Face* or *Viſage*; whether they ſhall write *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, becauſe it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbet*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rime to *Chimney*, and

dozing up and down in a brown ſtudy, till they drop into ſome hole at laſt, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that ſuffer the moſt, and fare the worſt, are your Comick Poets, for whoring ſo many Queens and Princeſſes upon the ſtage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Baſtonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæſar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you, that we do not lodge theſe with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attournies*, as common Dealers in the myſtery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the diſcipline of Hell, you are to underſtand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Maſters*; inſomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can ſay *what's this*.

There came to us ſeveral Tradesmen; the firſt of them a Poor Rogue that made profeſſion of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we are about to put

put among the Armorers, but one of the company moved and carried it, that ſince he was ſo good at Draughts, he might be ſent to the *Clerks* and *Scrivners*; a ſort of people that will fit you with *draughts*, good and bad, of all ſorts and ſizes, and to all purpoſes. Another called himſelf a *Cutter*, we aſk'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither ſaid he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglice* a *Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to thoſe that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other mens Leather. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeneſs ſake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he ſtyl'd himſelf) a *Burier* of *the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conſcience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: Theſe were diſpatch'd away to the *Paſtry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack brain'd Fools* we diſpoſed of among the *Aſtrologers* and *Alchymiſts*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen

of

of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas* for making ill bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermine. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *themselves*; others upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very rare,

rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Huſbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for ſport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to thoſe *Gawdy Monſieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear (*Favours* as they call them) one would ſwear, were only dreſs'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mercers*. Others you ſhall have ſo overcharged with *Perruque*, that you'l hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And ſome again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their pacquets and bundles of *Love-Letters*; which being made combuſtible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are ſo thrifty, as to employ upon the ſindging of their own Tails, for the ſaving of better Fuel. But, oh! the pleaſant poſtures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle-Leere*, and embracing the Air for his Miſtreſs! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: Theſe paſs for a kind

a kind of *Buffon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Feſtival*. Some again have loſt themſelves with *Judas* for a *Kiſs*.

One ſtory lower is the abode of *contented Cuckolds*; a naſty poiſonous place, and ſtrewed all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, *&c.* Now theſe are ſo well read in Woman, and know their deſtiny ſo well before hand, that they never ſo much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *old Women*; and theſe are wretches of ſo depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd horſe the very *Devils themſelves*, and put *Barrabas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the truth is, whatever *you* may think of a Devil, he paſſes with *them* for a very *Adonis* or *Narciſſus*.

So much for your Curioſity; a word now for your Inſtruction. If you would make an intereſt in Hell, you muſt give over that Roguy way ye have got of abuſing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblems: One while forſooth we are painted with *Claws*, or *Talons*,

lons, like *Eagles*, or *Griffons*. Another while we are dreſt up with *Tails*, like ſo many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*: And now and then ye ſhall ſee a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but ſome of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philoſophers*. If you can help us in this point, do; and we ſhall be ready to do ye *one good Turn for another*. I was aſking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Piece of the *Laſt Judgment*, with ſo many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Poſtures*. His anſwer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never ſeen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his coſt. There's another thing too we take extreamly ill, which is, that in your ordinary diſcourſes, ye are out with your Purſe preſently to every Raſcal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you ſee how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has ſpoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, *&c.* which

is

is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*: A company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brush-wood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*. Being in *possession* of Theft, and *stoln Goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs*, than your *Holy-Days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Laquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will none of your *Laqueys*, he thanks ye for your love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are

good

good neither roſt nor ſodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cryes a third; thank you for nothing: For ye ſhall have an *Italian* will chouſe the *Devil* himſelf, and take him by the Noſe like Muſtard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been ſo cruel wherever he has got footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Preſent to the *Grand-Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil ſtopt, and in the ſame inſtant, there hapning a ſlight ſcuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which ſhould go foremoſt: I turn'd to ſee the matter, and caſt my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine: And in ſome ſort to revenge my ſelf of this *Aſs* in a *Lions Skin*, I aſk't the *Devil*, whether they had not of that ſort of Blood-Suckers among the reſt, in their Dominions (an Informing, projecting Generation of men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (ſays he) if you do not know theſe Vermine to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance:

tance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High way* to *Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no retreat, being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend

intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him ſo damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clap't his tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (ſaid the *Devil*, and laught) my Voucher is departed ye ſee; but I think I can ſay as much to this point as himſelf; The Impoſitions now to be ſet on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spaniſh Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is neceſſary and decent; upon your *Tour à la Mode*, and *Spring Garden-Coaches*; exceſs in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating*, and *Blaſpheming Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatſoever ſerves to advance our Empire; ſo that without a Friend at Court, or ſome good Magiſtrate to help us out at a dead lift, and ſtick to us, we may e'en

put up our Pipes, and you'l find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil.

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are no *Judges* in Hell. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are no *Devils* there; for let me tell you (Friend mine) your *corrupt Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Atturneys*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*! Nay sometimes, in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *forswearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the

the Devil) for *Aſtræa* (which is the ſame thing) is fled long ſince to Heaven. Do not ye know the ſtory? no (ſaid I) then (quoth the Devil) mind me and I'le tell ye it.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Juſtice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the earth: but the one being naked, & the other very ſevere and plain-dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At laſt, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Juſtice*, perceiving that though her *name* was much uſed for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that ſhe her ſelf was in no Eſteem, took up a reſolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, ſhe bad adieu in the firſt place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country; where ſhe met with ſome few poor ſimple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice* and *Perſecution*, found her out in the end, and ſhe was baniſh'd thence too. She preſented her ſelf in many places, and people aſkt her *what ſhe was!* She

answer'd them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice?* (cry'd they) *She is a stranger to us*; tell her *here's nothing for her, and shut the door.* Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her Name however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of hand, puts down all the Gilts, Cheats, Pick-locks and Trepanners in the World: to say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The Leacher, does not he steal away the honour of his Mistress? (though with her consent) The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and shews you a Law for't; The *Comedian* gets your money and your time, with reciting other mens Labours; The *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; The *Eloquent* with his Tongue; The *Valiant*, with his Arm; The *Musician*, with his Voice

and

and Fingers; The *Aſtrologer*, with his Calculations; The *Apothecary*, with Sickneſs and Health; The *Surgeon*, with Blood; and the *Phyſitian*, with Death it ſelf; And in ſome ſort or other, they are all cheats; But the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Juſtice*) abuſes you with *his whole Man*; He watches you with his *Eyes*; *Follows* you with his *Feet*; *ſeizes* with his *hands*; *accuſes* with his *Tongue*; And in fine, put it in your *Litany*. From *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos Domine*.

But how comes it (ſaid I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade. Not a word of *Women* as ye love me (quoth the Devil) for we are ſo tired out with their Importunities; ſo deaf'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we ſtart at the very thought of them. And to ſay the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter Quarter*, if it were not ſo overſtock'd with that ſort of Cattel. Since the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their buſineſs to improve themſelves in ſubtlety and malice, and to ſet us together

by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough, to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'l give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us*, than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most? (said I) *Handsome*, or *Ill-favoured*? oh, of the *Ill favour'd*, six for one (quoth the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favour'd* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of water to quench their fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly, old, and accompany their last groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carryed away one t'other day of threescore and ten, that

I took juſt in the nick, as ſhe was upon a certain Exerciſe to remove Obſtructions: And when I came to land her; Alas for the poor woman! what a terrible fit had ſhe got of the *Tooth-ach*! when upon ſearch, the Devil a Tooth had ſhe left in her head, only ſhe belyed her Chops to ſave her Credit.

You have exceedingly ſatisfied me (ſaid I) in all your anſwers; but pray'e once again, what ſtore of *Beggers* have ye in Hell? *Poor people* I mean. *Poor* (quoth the Devil) who are they? Thoſe (ſaid I) that have no Poſſeſſions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that thoſe ſhould be damn'd, that have nothing in the World? when men are only damn'd for cleaving to't. And briefly I find none of their names in our Books, which is no wonder, for he that has nothing to truſt to, ſhall be left by the Devil himſelf in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, falſe Friends, lewd Company, Envious Perſons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your life to

get your Fortune, that mourns over you in your ſickneſs, and wiſhes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd, nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanyed: There's no gaping for their Poſſeſſions; and in ſhort, they are a ſort of People that live well, and dye better; and there are ſome of them, that would not exchange their Raggs, for Royalty it ſelf: They are at liberty to go and come at pleaſure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable as if their Perſons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thoughts for to morrow, but ſetting a juſt value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the preſent; conſidering that what is paſt, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come *Uncertain*. But they ſay, *When the Devil preaches, the World's neer an End.*

The divine Hand is in this (ſaid the Holy Man that perform'd the *Exorciſm*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'ſt Truths, able to mollifie and

and convert a Heart of ſtone. But do not you miſtake your ſelf, (quoth the Devil) to ſuppoſe that your Converſion is my Buſineſs; for I ſpeak theſe Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you ſhall be call'd to anſwer for your Tranſgreſſions. 'Tis true, moſt of you ſhed tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehenſion of Death, and no true Repentance for your ſins that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites:* Or if at any time you entertain thoſe Reflections, your trouble is, That your Body will not hold out; and then forſooth ye pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it ſelf. Thou art an *Impoſter* (ſaid the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their ſorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuſe us, and make us loſe Time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the body of this miſerable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the moſt High to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy Peace. The Devil obey'd; and the Good Father

ther applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of Opinion that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy wretch, yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Propheſied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errours, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the first Vision.

THE

THE SECOND VISION OF DEATH and her EMPIRE.

MEan Souls do naturally breed ſad Thoughts, and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to aſſault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my Obſervation) wherein the Coward does moſt betray himſelf; and yet cannot I for my life, when I am alone, avoid thoſe Accidents and Surprizes in my ſelf, which I condemn in others. I have ſometime, upon Reading the Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been ſeized with a ſtrange Damp; whether from the ſtrikeing of his Counſels upon my Paſſions, or ſome tacite reflection of ſhame upon my ſelf, I know not. However, to render this Confeſſion of my weakneſs the more excuſeable, I'le begin my diſcourſe

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet;

'*Put the Case* (says he) *that a Voice* '*from Heaven should speak to any of us* '*after this manner*; *What do'st thou ail*, ' O Mortal Man, *or to what purpose is it*, '*to spend thy life in Groans, and Com-* '*plaints under the apprehension of* death? '*where are thy past Tears and Pleasures?* '*Are they not vanisht and lost in the Flux* '*of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into* '*a Sieve? Bethink thy self then of a Re-* '*treat, and leave the* World *with the* '*same content, and satisfaction, as thou* '*wouldst do a plentiful* Table, *and a jolly* ' Company *upon a full stomach. Poor* '*Fool that thou art! thus to Macerate* '*and Torment thy self, when thou may'st* '*enjoy thy heart at Ease, and possess thy* '*Soul with Repose and Comfort, &c.*

This passage brought into my mind, the words of *Job*, Cap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable providence, than to my natural disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at Liberty, she gave me

me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my Fanſie ſupplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the firſt Scene, enter'd a Troop of *Phyſicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching in no very good Order, ſometime faſt, ſometime ſlow, and to ſay the Truth, moſt commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I ſuppoſe with caſting ſo many ſowre looks upon the Piſs-pots and Cloſe-ſtools of their Patients: bearded like Goats; and their Faces ſo over-grown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths. In the left hand they held their Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the right, a Staff *à la moae*, which they carried rather for Countenance, than Correction; (For they underſtood no other menage than the Heel) and all along, Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I obſerv'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and ſet with Stones of ſo large a ſize, that they could hardly feel a Patients Pulſe, without minding him of his

his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of Puny Practiſers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by converſing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*: Well! ſaid I to my ſelf; if there goes no more than This to the making a *Phyſician*, it is no marvel we pay ſo dear for their Experience.

After theſe, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Peſtles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppoſitories*, *Spatulas*, *Gliſter-Pipes* and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-ſhot, and ſeveral *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies without*, and *Poyſons within*: Ye may obſerve that when a Patient comes to die, *the Apothecaries Mortar rings the Paſſing-Bell*, as the Prieſts *Requiem* finiſhes the buſineſs. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Phyſicians Armory*, that ſupplies him with Weapons; and (to ſay the truth) the *Inſtruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldier* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? their *Syringes*, *Piſtols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, conſidering their

Pur-

Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Perſons Hell*? their *Patients* the Damn'd? and their *Maſters* the *Devils*? Theſe *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with Rs, ſtruck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the firſt Character of their *Preſcriptions*; which (as they tell us) ſignifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*) but we find it to ſtand for *Recipio* (*I Take.*) Next to this Figure, they write *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as to ſay *An Aſs*, *An Aſs*; and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to diſpatch the *Body*, and the *latter*, to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil.* To hear them call over their *Simples*, would make you ſwear, they were raiſing ſo many *Devils.* There's your *Opopanax*, *Euphthalmus*, *Aſtaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioſcorodon*, *Anemoſphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombaſt, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrits, Radiſh and the like. But they have

have the Old Proverb at their Fingers end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*; And therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in Nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physitian in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease?* though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horrour and Disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with Dr. *Whachums Plaster*, that shall fetch up a man's Leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these people Herded with the *Physitians*, methoughts the old sluttish Proverb, that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physitian* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends

ſends all his Diſciples to thoſe unſavoury Oracles: from whoſe hands the Devil himſelf, if he were ſick, would not receive ſo much as a Gliſter. Oh! theſe curſed and lawleſs Arbitrators and Diſpoſers of our lives! that without either Conſcience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd poyſonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *Inciſions*, *Exceſſive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the ſeveral ways of executing their Tyranny and Injuſtice upon us.

In the tail of theſe, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Deſquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Sciſſers*, *Saws*; and with them ſo horrid an Outcry, of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I ſhould have taken by their *Min*, for *Devils* diſguis'd, if I had not ſpyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in ſome hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and ſo they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdeſt Trades in the world; for they

are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye ſhall have one of theſe Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a ſound Tooth in your head, but he had rather ſee't at his Girdle, than in the place of its Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, hee'l pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to ſee theſe Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (ſaid I to my ſelf) we are now paſt the worſt, unleſs the Devil himſelf come next: And in that inſtant I heard the Bruſhing of *Guytars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, Raking over certain *Paſſacailles* and *Sarabands*. Theſe are a Kennel of *Barbers* thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever ſeen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjurer, both by the Muſick and by the very Inſtruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barbers Furniture*, as his *Comb-Caſes* and *Waſh-balls*. It was to me a pleaſant entertainment, to ſee them lather-

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their Basons.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of *loud* and *tedious Talkers*, that tired and deafen'd the Company with their *shrill*, and *restless Gaggle:* but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they called *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and leering over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Clothed;

and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregation.*

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of men that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs: The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (unaskt) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venome in his Tayl, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly di-

diverted from that Conſideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a perſon, of a thin and ſlender *make*; laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hob-nail'd-Shooes, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Mitres, Mounmouth-Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wooll, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl,* and *Pebles:* She was dreſt up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; ſhe had one eye ſhut, the other open, young on the one ſide, and old o' the other. I thought at firſt, ſhe had been a great way off, when indeed ſhe was very neer me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, ſhe was at my Beds head. How to unriddle this myſtery I knew not; nor was it poſſible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage ſo Extravagant, and ſo fantaſtically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came juſt then into my mind that I had formerly ſeen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

other world, was juſt thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonſenſically pleaſant. I held as long as I could, and at laſt, I askt what ſhe was? ſhe anſwer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death*! (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beſeech you Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Reſpect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (ſaid ſhe) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and muſt I dye then (ſaid I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'le take thee Quick along with me: For ſince ſo many of the *Dead* have been to viſit the *Living*, It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* ſhould Return a Viſit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along; and never hang an Arſe for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you ſhall do in ſpight of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but without more delay up I ſtarted, and deſired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (ſaid ſhe) no matter for Clothes, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'l Travel the better.

So

So up I got, without a word more and follow'd her; in ſuch a Terrour and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a ſtrict account of my Paſſage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have ſeen, than *an Apple's like an Oyſter*. Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scyth* in her hand; and a *Carkaſs* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes (ſaid ſhe) turning ſhort upon me, I know that very well; but in the mean time your Deſigners, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwiſe *the miſerable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your ſelves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death, is but the Period of your Life, as the firſt moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your Death*: And effectually, ye *Dye Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly underſtood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head*

in his own Looking-glaſs; and conſider every houſe with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elſewhere, and not in your ſelves? Believ't y'are in a ſhameful miſtake; for you your ſelves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But Madam, under favour, what may all theſe people be that keep your Ladiſhip Company? and ſince you are *Death* (as you ſay) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are neerer your Perſon, and more in your Good Graces than the *Phyſicians*? Why (ſays ſhe) there are more people *Talk'd* to Death and diſpatcht by *Bablers*, than by all the Peſtilential Diſeaſes in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Phyſicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you muſt underſtand, that though *diſtemper'd humours* make a man *ſick*, 'tis the *Phyſician Kills* him; and looks

looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man ſhould live by his Trade) ſo that when a man is askt, what ſuch or ſuch a one dy'd of; He is not preſently to make anſwer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleuriſie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dyed of the Doctor*. In one point, however I muſt needs acquit the *Phyſician*; Ye know that the ſtile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worſhipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to Perſons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our days uſed by all ſorts of little people; Nay the very *Bare-foot-Fryers*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are ſtung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Maſons* and the like, muſt be all dreſt up forſooth in the *Right Worſhipful*: whereas your *Phyſician* does not ſo much Court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though if it ſhould rain Dignities, he might be perſwaded happily to venture the wetting) but ſits down contented with the *Honour* of diſpoſing of your *Lives* and *moneys*, without troubling himſelf

ſelf about any other ſort of Reputation.

The entertainment of theſe Lectures, and diſcourſes made the way ſeem ſhort and pleaſant, and we were juſt now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one ſide of the Paſſage, I ſaw *three moving Figures*; *Arm'd*, and of *Humane ſhape*; and ſo alike, that I could not ſay which was which. Juſt Oppoſite, on the other ſide, a Hideous *Monſter*, and theſe *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obſtinate *Combate*. Here *Death* made a ſtop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew theſe People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, and I ſhall put it in my Litany that I never may. Now to ſee thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; Theſe are thy old Acquaintance, and thou haſt hardly kept any other Company ſince thou wert born. *Thoſe three* are, the *World*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are ſo like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perſwade themſelves that they have gotten the *Fleſh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, ſaid I, that appears in ſo many ſeveral ſhapes? and fights againſt the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himſelf *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Againſt the *World*, He argues from their own Confeſſion, and Experience: for it paſſes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money*; *he that's out of Money, 's out of the World. Take away a man's Money, and take away his Life. Money anſwers All things.* Againſt the *ſecond* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Fleſh* too: witneſs the *Girles* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And againſt the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much*

much, but Money does All: And money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piſs in the Fire. So that for ought I ſee (quoth I) *the Devil of Money has the better end of the Staff.*

After this, advancing a little further, I ſaw on one hand, *Judgment*; and *Hell* on the other (for ſo *Death* called them) Upon the ſight of *Hell*, making a ſtop, to take a ſtricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I lookt at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, becauſe I thought I had ſeen it ſomewhere elſe before. She queſtion'd me, where? I told her, that I had ſeen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magiſtrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtineſs of Grandees*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; in the *lewd Deſigns* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppreſſours*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would ſee it whole, and Entire, in one ſubject, muſt go to the *Hypocrite*, who *is a kind of a Religious Broker, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very Sacraments, and ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too (ſaid I) that I have

have ſeen *Judgment* as I find it here, in it's Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer Mockery: If it were like This, men would live otherwiſe than they do. To conclude; if it be expected that *our Judges* ſhould govern Themſelves and Us by *This Judgment*, the World's in an ill Caſe; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again: for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Juſtice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next ſtep was into a fair and ſpacious *Plain*, encompaſs'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, muſt never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Grones*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Meaſure* and *Comfort*; and ſerv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the Inſo-

Inſolent, and Ambitious, as their proper Nouriſhment. I ſaw *Envy* there dreſt up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governant* of one of your Noblemen's Houſes. She kept a Continual *Faſt* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her ſelf*; and could not but be a very *ſlender Gentlewoman*, upon ſo *ſpare* a *Diet*. Nothing came amiſs to her *Teeth* (*Good* or *Bad*) which made the whole Set of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*, and the reaſon was, that though ſhe *bit*, and ſet her *mark* upon the *Good*, and the *Sound*, ſhe could never *ſwallow* it. Under her, ſate *Diſcord*; the Legitimate Iſſue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with *married people*, but finding no need of her there, away ſhe went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, where it ſeems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: and then ſhe betook her ſelf to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and Officiated there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and ſhe out of a certain *Paſte* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extreme glad of this Diſcovery,

very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themſelves*, becauſe I read, that the *Angels* that *fell* were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be ſhort, the whole Place Ecchoʼd with *Rage* and *Curſes*. *What a Devil have we here to do*, (ſaid I) *does it rain Curſes in this Countrey?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil could I expect elſe, in a place where there were ſo many *Match-makers*, *Atturneys*, and *Common-Barreſters*; who are a Pack of the moſt Accurſed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more Common in the world, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! that *Damnʼd Devil* of a *Pander*: *A heavy Curſe upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together. The Pillory and ten thouſand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket Atturney, that adviſed me to this Law ſuit; hʼas ruinʼd me for ever.* But pray'e (ſaid I) what do all theſe *Match-makers* and *Atturneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience? Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me Fool for ſo Impertinent a Queſtion. If there were

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no *Match-makers* (ſaid ſhe) we ſhould not have the Tenth part of theſe *Skeletons*, and *Deſperado's*. *Am not I here the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to ſend twice as many more after me, and drink Maudlin at the fifteenth Funeral?* you ſay well (ſaid I) as to the buſineſs of *Match-makers*; but why ſo many *Petty Foggers* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to ſeize me; for that Raſcally ſort of Caterpillers have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common Hangman*, than by the hand of an *Attorney*? to be killed by *Falſities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*: Yes, yes, And it muſt not be deny'd, that theſe *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Cauſes*, are *the Principal ſupport of this Imperial Throne.*

At theſe words, I rais'd my Eyes, and ſaw *Death* ſeated in her Chair of ſtate, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death* of *Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; All, with their ſeveral Enſigns and Devices,

Devices. The *Death* of *Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her ſelf in Countenance, ſhe kept Company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and ſome *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d' Oliva*; all Embalm'd, ſteep'd in good Vinegar, and well Dry'd. I ſaw a great many other ſorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their laſt Agonies, but by the ſingular Miracle of ſelf-Intereſt recover'd to the Tune of

Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?

The *Death* of *Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates*, *Biſhops*, *Abbots*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks*; who had neither Wives, nor Children, nor indeed any body elſe that cared for them, further than for their Fortunes. Theſe, when they come to a Fit of *ſickneſs*, are *Pillag'd* even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can ſay a *Pater-noſter*. Nay, many times they are *ſtript*, e're they are *Laid*, and deſtroy'd for want of Clothes to keep them warm.

The *Death* of *Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording* up of *Trunks*; *Bolting* of *Doors*, and *Windows*; *Locking* up of *Cellars*, and *Garrets*; and *Nailing* down of *Trap-Doors*; *Burying* of Pots of *Money*, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver* (the Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death* of *Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train* and *Attendance*, of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers*, and *Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others: Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their publique Crimes by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death* of *Laughter*, was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of people, *hasty* to *Believe*, and *slow* to *Repent*;

Repent; *Living* without *fear* of *Juſtice*, and *Dying* without *hope* of *Mercy*. Theſe are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jeſt. Bid any of them, *give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken*, His Anſwer is, *You'd make a man die with Laughing*. Tell him, *my Friend, you are now in Tears, Your dancing dayes are done, and your Body is worn out*; *what ſhould ſuch a* Scar-Crow *as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for ſhame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are paſt the Pleaſure of it, and your ſelf upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow* (ſays He) *would make a man break his heart with Laughing*. Come, come, ſay your Prayers, and bethink your ſelf of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your ſelf for the other World. *Thou wilt abſolutely kill me with Laughing*. I tell thee, *I'm as ſound as a Roche, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life*. Others there are, that, let a man adviſe them upon their *Death-*

Beds and even at the last Gasp, to *send for a Divine*, or to *make some handsome settlement of their Estates*. Alas, alas! they'l cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before*, and (with *Falstaffe's Hostess*) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet*. These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marques Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but *one life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into* the World, and so many *Millions out* of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

These last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to *Move*, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies*

dies of *Men* and *Women*, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themſelves in excellent Order, and with a profound ſilence. Now (ſays *Death*) let every one ſpeak in his Turn; And in the inſtant, up comes One of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with ſo much Fury and Menace, in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Compoſition. *Theſe Devils of the World* (quoth he) *what would they be at? my Maſters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye muſt be caſting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as Innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you* (ye Scoundrels you) *to be thus Abuſed?* And I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? for I confeſs I have not the Honour either to know or to underſtand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate* Tony, *that has been in his Grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wiſe Worſhips forſooth have not Wit enough to make your*

ſelves and your Company merry, but Tony *muſt ſtill be one half of your Entertainment and Diſcourſe. When any man plays the* Fool *or the* Extravagant, *preſently he's a* Tony. *Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece?* Tony. *Such or ſuch a one was never well taught:* No, he had a *Tony* to his Maſter. But let me tell ye, he that ſhall call your Wiſdoms to ſhrift, and take a ſtrict accompt of your words and actions, will upon the Upſhot find you all a Company of *Tonys*: and in effect the *Greater Impertinents*. As for Inſtance: *Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills* (as you do) *to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himſelf in his Life? Did I ever rebel againſt my Superiours? Or, was I ever ſo arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my ſelf young again? Can ye ſay, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye? or broke a ſolemn promiſe, as you do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enſlave my ſelf to money? Or, on the other ſide make Ducks and Drakes with it? and ſquander it away in Gaming,*

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Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a falſe Miſtreſs? Was I ever ſo very a Fool as to believe any man would be True to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-Life, that ſells and ſpends all for a Glance? What pleaſure did I ever take in the lewd Diſcourſes of Hereticks *and* Libertines? *Or did I ever Liſt my ſelf in the party, to get the name of a* Gifted Brother? *Who ever ſaw me inſolent to my Inferiors, or baſely Servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities, and Horoſcopes upon any Occaſion of Loſs or Death? Now if you your ſelves be guilty of all theſe Fopperies, and I innocent, I beſeech ye where's the* Tony? So that you ſee *Tony* is not the *Tony* you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is alſo endued with ſo large a ſtock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the aſking: Unleſs it were ſuch as came to borrow money; or in Caſes of Women, that claim'd Marriage of him;

or *Laquais* that would be making ſport with his Bauble; and to Theſe, He was as Reſolute as *John Florio.*

While we were upon this Diſcourſe, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spaniſh pace and gravity; and giving me a Touch o' the Elbow; *Look me in the Face* (quoth he with a ſtern Countenance) *and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beſeech your Lordſhip (ſaid I, ſaving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Reſpects accordingly; for I muſt confeſs, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by mortals *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm ſure you think and talk of me often enough: and if the Devil did not poſſeſs ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your ſelves to perſecute One Another. Ye can't ſee a High crown'd Hat, a Thred-bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not ſo much as a Reverend Matron, well ſtriken in years, but preſently ye cry, This or That's of the Mode or Date of

Queen

Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye ſtark mad, ye would confeſs that *Queen Dick's* were Golden days to thoſe ye have had ſince, and 'tis an eaſie matter to prove what I ſay. Will ye ſee a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Leſſon of good Government? *Child* (ſays ſhe) *you know that modeſty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be ſure, when ye come in Company, that you don't ſtand ſtaring the men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Faſhion of Behaviour, more ſutable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (ſays the Girl) I beſeech you, Madam, Excuſe me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, *to Worſhip his Creator, to ſay his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*

care

care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, men are better known now a daies by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards.*

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A *man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the world out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I) *And welcome, said he; for 'tis the hap-*

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py year I have longed for ſo many a day. Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that I now ſee and hear in the belly of this Bottle? I am (ſaid he) the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Deſign. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all thoſe ſtories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the man then it ſeems: I muſt confeſs that at firſt, at a Diſtance I took this bottle for the Veſſel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming neer enough to ſee what was in it, I did then imagine it might be ſome *Philoſopher by the fire*, or ſome *Apothecary* doing Pennance for his Errous. In fine, it has coſt me many a heavy ſtep to come hither, and yet to ſee ſo great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well beſtow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unſtop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a little, he cry'd; and I prethee tell me firſt how go ſquares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and

and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Forreigners that come in for their snips have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'l tell you this is no Injustice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my daies in a *Tobacco box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these people are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Canser*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds

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a Worm in their Traffick, ſo that you'l find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, inſomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is ſpent in the *Stews.*

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour and Honeſty* in the World? There's much to be ſaid (quoth I) upon that point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor leſs in *Effect.* Upon my *Honeſty* cries the *Tradeſman*: Upon my *Honour*, ſays his *Lordſhip.* And in a word, Every man has it, and Every thing is it, in ſome diſguiſe or other: but duly conſider'd, there's no ſuch thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* ſays 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg.* He that aſks an *Alms*, pleads that 'tis *Honeſter* to *Beg* than *Steal.* Nay the *Falſe Witneſſes* and *Murtherers* themſelves, ſtand upon their points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man* of *Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *Submit*: (though they will

will not alwayes do as they ſay) Upon the whole matter, every man ſets up a *Court of Honour* within *himſelf*; pronounces every thing *Honourable* that ſerves his *Purpoſe*, and laughs at them that think otherwiſe. To ſay the Truth, All things are now *Topſie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair ſtep to *Preferment*; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the Frail Dye, is become the *Marque*, and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confeſs, a very Brave and well govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now adays, that ſay they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed, is rather Avarice, than Moderation; for when they Eat or Drink at another man's Coſt, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they ſhall make the beſt *Pot-companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Diſcourſe, and aſkt me what ſtore of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at preſent?

ſent? I told him, that the whole world ſwarm'd with them, and that there were of ſeveral ſorts; ſome, by *Profeſſion*; Others, by *Intruſion*, and *Preſumption*; and ſome again by *Study*, but not many of the laſt, though indeed ſufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locuſts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be ſuch Plagues Abroad, I think I had beſt e'en keep where I am. It is with *Juſtice* (ſaid I) as with *ſick men*; In time paſt, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Phyſick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: but we are now deſtroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Conſultations*, which ſerve to no Other end than to enflame both the *Diſtemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Juſtice*, as well as *Truth*, went naked, *in the Dayes of Old*; One ſingle *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the beſt Order'd Government in the world. But *the Juſtice of our Age*, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furniſh't with Millions of *Codes*, *Digeſts*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*,

Pleadings, and Reports; And what's their use, but to make *wrangling* a *Science*? and to Embroil us in Seditions, Suits, and Endless Trouble and Confusion. We have had more Books publish't this last Twenty years, than in a Thousand before, and there hardly passes a Term without a New Author, in four or five Volumes at least under the Titles of *Glosses*, *Commentaries*, *Cases*, *Judgments*, &c. And the great strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a Study. To say the Truth, These *Lawyers* and *Sollicitors*, are but so many *Smoak-Merchants*; *Sellers of Wind*, and *Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No *Serjeants*; No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*; If no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; No *Judges*, No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery* or *Subornation*.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-fogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, Reads your Case, and

and tells you very gravely: Sir, This is a Nice point, and would be well handled; Wee'l ſee what the Law ſays. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a matter of a Hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat that Claws in her Play 'twixt Jeſt and Earneſt. At laſt, down comes the Book, he ſhews the Law, bids ye leave your Papers, and hee'l ſtudy the Queſtion. But your Cauſe is very good (ſays he) by what I ſee already, and if you'l come again in the *Evening*, or *to morrow morning*, I'le tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the buſineſs of the *Fens*, It cannot be till *Monday Next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greaſing of his Fiſt; (The beſt thing in the World both for the Wit, and Memory) *Good Lord! Sir* (ſays he) *what do you Mean? I beſeech you Sir*; *Nay, pray'e Sir*, and if he ſpies you drawing back, the Paw opens, ſeizes the *Guinneys*, *and Good morrow Countrey-man*; ſayſt thou me ſo? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glaſs) ſtop me up cloſe again as thou lov'ſt me then:

for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time, take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must see his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World* do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth He) I prethee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a *Great*. To speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Common wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arse Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment Both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appears by

by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* againſt a *Chriſtian Enemy: Stand to't my Maſters* (*ſays he*) *Ye were Venetians before ye were Chriſtians.*

Enough, enough of This, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how ſtand the people affected? what *Malecontents* and *Mutiners*? *Mutiny* (ſaid I) is ſo Univerſal a Diſeaſe, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a Great Hoſpital, or rather a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to entertain the Diſaffected. There's no ſtirring for me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to thoſe buſie Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad. Kings* and *Princes* have their Nature much of *Quick ſilver.* They are in *perpetual Agitation*, and without any *Repoſe.* Preſs them too hard, (that is to ſay beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reaſon) and they are loſt. Ye may obſerve, that your *Guilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick ſilver*, are generally troubled with the *Paſſie*; and ſo ſhould all *Subjects Tremble* that have to do with *Majeſty*, and better to do it at firſt, out

of *Reſpect*, than *afterward*, upon *Force and Neceſſity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you ſaw me e'en now (for better ſo than worſe) I beſeech ye, One word more, and it ſhall be my Laſt. *Who's King of Spain now?* You know (ſaid I) that *Philip* the 3d is *Dead*: Right (quoth he) A Prince of incomparable Piety, and Vertue (or my Stars deceive me) After him, (ſaid I) came *Philip* the 4th. If it be ſo (quoth he) Break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am reſolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he daſh't the Glaſs to pieces againſt a Rock, crept out of his Caſe and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was juſt about to ſtart, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm) He has Devilliſh Heels, and you'l never overtake him.

So I ſtaid, and what ſhould I ſee next? but a wondrous Old Man, whoſe Name might have been *Encephalus* by his *Head*,

and the Hair on his Face might very well have ſtuff'd a Couple of Cuſhions: take him together, and you'l find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I ſtared upon him ſufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (ſays he) My Spirit tells me that you are now in Pain to know who I am; Underſtand, that my name is *Noſtradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Propheſies* that's publiſh't in your Name? *Gallimaufry* ſay'ſt thou? Impudent and Barbarous Raſcal that thou art; to deſpiſe Myſteries, that are above thy Reach, and to Revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Deſtinies; Who is ſo Brutal as to doubt the Meaning of theſe Lines?

From ſecond Cauſes, This I gather,
Nought ſhall befall us, Good, or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the Great Diſpoſer will.

Reprobated and beſotted Villains that ye are! what greater bleſſing

could betide the World, than the Accompliſhment of this Prophecy? would it not Eſtabliſh Juſtice and Holineſs, and ſuppreſs all the vile ſuggeſtions, and motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer ſet their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening and Extortion; and make Money their God; That Vagaband Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandring Whore, and takes up moſt commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philoſophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (ſuch as *Noſtradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and ſee if they be ſo frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd ſhall Marry,
Then the Jealous will be ſorry,
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking;
No man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me ſuch a Fit of Laughing, that it made me caſt my noſe up into the Air,

Air, like a Stone-Horſe that hath got a Mare in the Wind : Which put the *Aſtrologer* out of all Patience. Buffon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and ſnapping at every thing. Will your Teeth ſerve ye now to fetch out the Marrow of this Propheſie? Hear then in the Devils name, and be Mannerly. Hear, and Learn I ſay, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unleſs ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *Marry'd Marry?* No, not the one half of them. When you are *Marry'd*, the *Prieſt* has done his part; but after that, to *Marry*, is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! How many *Marry'd* men live as if they were ſingle; and how many *Batchelors* on the other ſide, as if they were *Marry'd!* after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, *is no other than a more ſociable ſtate of Virginity.* Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already, now for the Reſt. Let meſee you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your El-

bows *before*, or *behind*. You'l tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, becauſe every body knows it. A pleaſant ſhift: As if Truth were the worſe for being Plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are for the moſt part meer *Fooleries* and *Miſtakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in ſuch a Dreſs as would pleaſe ye. What have ye to ſay now, either againſt my Prophecy or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet ſomewhat there is to be ſaid, for *There's no Rule without an Exception.* Does not the *Phyſician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a Trice, ſo ſoon as He has made his Purchaſe. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye,

Many Women ſhall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What ſay ye to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the truth were known) that father *more*

Chil-

Children than *their own?* Believe me (Friend) *A man had need have good ſecurity upon a Womans Belly*, for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no eaſie matter to know the *Workman*, eſpecially having nothing but the woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Aſſiſtance*; And whoever Interprets my Propheſies to the Prejudice of any Perſon of Honour, abuſes me. You little think what a world of our Gay folks in their *Coaches and ſix*, with *Lacquies* at their Heels by the Dozens, will be found *at the laſt Day*, to be only the *Baſtards* of ſome *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Vſhers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay perchance the *Phyſician* may have had his hand in the wrong Box, and in caſe of a neceſſity, good Uſe has been made of a *Luſty Coachman*. Little do you think (I ſay) how many Noble Families upon that Grand Diſcovery, will be found extinct for want of Iſſue.

I am now convinc'd (ſaid I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (ſince you have been pleas'd to be your own

Inter-

Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.

I dare say that your wit will serve ye now to Imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the Dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and *fly away with them* when they have done.

Upon these words *Nostradamus* Vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'le be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my Feet in the same Mo-

Moment; and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miſerable Creature? I am (ſays he) an Ancient, and an Honeſt man, although defam'd with a thouſand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, ſome call me *Another*, and others *Some body*, and doubtleſs ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* ſays, eryes one, that has nothing to ſay for himſelf; and yet till this Inſtant, I never ſo much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good uſe of me to fill up Lines, and ſtop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the Favour to own that you have ſeen me, and to juſtifie me for one that never did, and never will either ſpeak or write any thing, whatever ſome Tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawles*, I am call'd forſooth, *a certain Perſon*: In their *Intrigues*, *I know not who*: and in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: and all this, to make a Myſtery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beſeech ye help me; which I promis'd to do.

And

And ſo this Viſion withdrew to make Place for another.

And that was the moſt frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the ſhape of an *Old Woman*. She came *nodding* towards me, and in a Hollow, Ratling Tone (for ſhe ſpoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) *Pray'e* (ſays ſhe) *Is there not ſome body come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were ſo ſunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the ſame *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was *pale*, and *open* too; the better to receive the *Diſtillations* of her *Noſe*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Gooſe-Down*, as *Toothleſs* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bags*; her *Head danc'd*, and her *Voice* at every word *kept time* to't. Her *Body* was vail'd, or rather wrapt up in a ſhroud of *Cre'pe*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which ſerv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Roſary* in t'other,

of

of such a length, that as she stood stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon This *Epitome of past-ages*; *Hola! Grannum* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? with that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a fair pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf*, nor *Grannum*; but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a Dead Body. I begg'd her Pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd (says she) *Douegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great Amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country?

Let

Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now. I thought the *Women* had *dyed*, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World, the *Gouvernantes* had been *Immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, Who but *Madam the Gouvernante*, at every turn? Do ye see that *Mumping Hag*, cryes one? Come here ye *Damn'd Jade* cryes another. That *Old Bawd*, says a Third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see if we do not remember ye: You do so, and I'm in your debt for your Remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Paymaster*, ye Son of a Whore, you; Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice, without Affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little Patience, and at my Return, I'le try if I can put things in better Order. But in the mean time, what business have you here?

here? her *Reverence* upon this was a little Qualified, and told me, that ſhe had now been *eight hundred years* in *Hell*, upon a Deſign to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right *Worſhipful the Devil-Commiſſioners*, are not as yet come to any Reſolution upon the Point. For ſay they, if your *Gouvernantes* ſhould come once to ſettle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we ſhould be but ſo many *Jacks out of Office*. And beſides, we ſhould be perpetually at *Daggers-Drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends* which they would ſtill be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fewel to ſeek, would be very Inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (ſhe ſaid) upon the ſame Project, but there ſo ſoon as ever they ſet eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimouſly, *Libera nos*, &c. As for *Heaven*, That's no place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Diſquiets*, *Heart-burnings*, and conſequently None for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for They grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me; and be gone into the world

world again if I pleaſe, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante in ſæcula ſæculorum.* But truly I had rather be here at my Eaſe, than ſpend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-ſide, like a thing of Clouts, to ſecure the Poultry of the Family from ſtrange Cocks, which would now and then have a Bruſh with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes.* And yet 'tis ſhe, good woman, bears all the blame, in Caſe of any Miſcarriage: The *Gouvernante* was preſently of the Plot, ſhe *had a Feeling in the Cauſe, a Finger in the Pye.* And 'tis ſhe in fine that muſt anſwer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Handkercher, the Greaſie Lining of a Maſque, or any ſuch Frippery piece of buſineſs be miſſing; Ask the *Gouvernante* for This, or for That. And in ſhort, they take us certainly for ſo many *Storks and Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the houſe. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies and Tell-Tales*: My *Couſin* forſooth, and t'others *Aunt* dares not come to the houſe, for fear of the *Gouvernante.* And indeed I have

have made many of them *Croſs* themſelves, that took me for a Ghoſt. Our *Maſters* they curſe us too, for Embroyling the Family. So that I have rather Choſen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Douegna*, the very ſound of the Name being more Terrible than a Gibbet. As appears by one that was lately Travailing from *Madrid*, to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that night. Anſwer was made at a ſmall Village call'd *Douegnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within ſome reaſonable Diſtance, either ſhort or beyond it? They told him no, unleſs it were at a *Gallows*. That ſhall be my *Quarter* then (quoth he) for a *thouſand Gibbets* are not ſo bad to me as one *Douegnas*. Now ye ſee how we are abus'd (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'l do us ſome Right, when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk't me to Death, if I had not given her the ſlip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not 'ſcape ſo neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home

again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Rams-horns* on his head, and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: but when I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, Clutching his Fists, and looking as Soure as if He would have *Eeaten* me without *Mustard*; Doubtless, (said I) *the Devil is Dead and This is He.* No, No, cry'd a by-stander, This is a *man*: Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touched him. With that as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the Ods of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *have at ye*, slave that you are to make a Trade of Defaming Persons of Honour. By the Death that Commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *turn your Skin over your Ears*: This Insolent Language stir'd my Choler I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah*; *A little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd,*

I'le

I'le do your buſineſs; who the Devil brought this Cornuto *hither to trouble me?* The word was no ſooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worſt on't. But the whole Ring preſently came in to part us, and did me a ſingular kindneſs in't, for my Adverſary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *ſtaving and Tayling*, you might have had more manners (cry'd one) than to give ſuch language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno, Cuckold.* And is this that *Diego Moreno* then, ſaid I? Raſcal that he is to charge me with abuſing perſons of Honour. A Scoundrel (ſaid I) that 'tis a ſhame for Death to be ſeen in's Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furniſh matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave he ſhall give me ſatisfaction. I do not ſtand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row.* But why does he not name *others*, as well as

me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm ſure there are Others that a thouſand times better deſerve it. I hope he cannot ſay that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors; or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Poſt-horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Ink-horns*. Are not *ſhooing-horns*, and *Knife-handles* as cheap now as ever? Why muſt I walk the ſtage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond queſtion there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things conſider'd, than my ſelf. Never was man freer from *Jealouſie*, or more careful to ſtep aſide at the time of Viſit: for I was ever againſt the ſpoiling of ſport, when I could make None my ſelf. I confeſs I was not ſo charitable to the poor as I might have been; The truth of't is, I watcht them as a Cat would do a Mouſe, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-ſnorted the ſeven ſleepers, when any of the better ſort came to have a word in private with my Wife. The ſhort on't is, We agreed bleſſedly well together, ſhe and I; for I did whatever

ever ſhe would have me: and ſhe would ſay a thouſand and a thouſand times: *Long live my poor Diego, the beſt Condition'd, the moſt complaiſant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never ſo much as opens his mouth good or bad.* But by her leave that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when ſhe ſaid it, was beſide the Cuſhion. For many and many a time have I ſaid, *This is Well*, and *That's Ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our Houſe, *Fidlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would ſay, *This is not well.* But when the *Rich Merchants* came; *Oh very good*, would I ſay, *This is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be viſited by ſome *Pennyleſs Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then ſhould I take her aſide, and Rattle her to ſome Tune: *Sweet-heart*, would I ſay, *Pray'e what ha' we to do with theſe Frippery Fellows, and Damme Eoyes, ſhake them off, I'd adviſe ye, and take this for a warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or *Chequer*, and ſpent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear* (quoth I) *there's*

nothing to be lost by keeping such Company. And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the Protection of my shadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durst come neer her. Why should then this *Buffon* of a *Poet after* make *me* still the *Ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play?* By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even terms; And before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wert but now alive, I'd *write* thee to *Death*, as *Archilochus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyre, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*; It shall go hard, (quoth he) but I'le prevent that, and so We fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary, as if it had been a Real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to Consider what Advantage

vantage I might draw from it: for the *Dead* are paſt *fooling*, and *Thoſe are the ſoundeſt Counſels, which we receive from ſuch as adviſe us without either Paſſion or Intereſt.*

The end of the ſecond Viſion.

THE THIRD VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

HOmer makes *Jupiter* the Author, or Inſpirer of Dreams; eſpecially the Dreams of Princes and Governours; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewiſe the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, that *Good Dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be ſlighted.* And truly I am much of his mind, in the Caſe of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Diſcourſe touching the *End of the World*, I fell aſleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *The Laſt Judgment.* (A thing which in the Houſe of a Poet is ſcarce admitted ſo much as in a Dream.) This Phanſie minded me of a Paſſage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream*

dream at Night of what they have heard and ſeen in the Day: as the Hound dreams of Hunting the Hare.

Methought I ſaw a very handſome Youth towring in the Air, and ſounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the ſame moment the Earth began to open, and ſet the Bones at Liberty, to ſeek their Fellows. The firſt that appear'd, were *Sword-men*; As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Common-Souldiers*; who ſuppoſing that it had *ſounded a Charge*, came out of their Graves, with the ſame Briſkneſs and Reſolution, as if they had been going to an Aſſault or a Combat. The *Miſers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horſe-Race*, or *a Hunting-match*. And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Geſtures.)

ſtures.) After This, there appear'd a great many *Souls*; whereof ſome came up to their *Bodies*, though with much Difficulty and Horrour: Others ſtood wondring at a Diſtance, not daring to come near ſo hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but ſmile at the Proſpect of ſo ſtrange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without juſt matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to ſee *Order* drawn out of *Confuſion*, and every part reſtor'd to the right Owner. I Dreamt my ſelf then in a *Church-Yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demur'd* upon Pretence that He had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to underſtand that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to obſerve what ſhifting and ſhuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaſter* would not

not own his *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, becauſe they'd be ſure to appear in Evidence againſt them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and ſtaying for his *Tripes*, an Old Uſurer aſkt him, if the *Bags* were to riſe with the *bodies*? I could have laught at this Queſtion, but I was preſently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-purſes*, running full ſpeed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the ſad Stories they expected to hear. I ſaw all this from a Convenient Standing; and in the Inſtant, There was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw*, *Withdraw*. The word was no ſooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handſome Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Reſpect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you muſt know that the *Women* ſtand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it ſelf.) They ſeem'd at firſt very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be

ſeen

ſeen naked, for they were *clean-skin'd* and *well-made.* But when they came to underſtand that this was *the great Day of Accompt*; Their Conſciences took Check, and all the Jollity was daſht in a moment: Whereupon they took to the Valley, miſerably Liſtleſs and out of Humour: There was One among the reſt, that had had *ſeven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for ſhe could never love any thing elſe ſhe was ſure: This Lady was caſting about for Fetches, and Excuſes, and what anſwer ſhe ſhould make to that point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff High-way*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and ſtood *Huming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending ſhe had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and ſuch Fooleries; but ſpight of her heart, ſhe was brought at laſt within ſight of the Throne; where ſhe found a world of her old Acquaintance that ſhe had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no ſooner ſet Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, ſo that ſhe took up her Heels and Herded her ſelf in a Troop of *Serjeants.*

Af-

After This, I ſaw a many People driving a *Phyſitian* along the bank of a River, and theſe were only ſuch as He had unneceſſarily diſpatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Juſtice, Juſtice,* and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat,* where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While This paſs'd, I heard, methought, upon my left hand a *Paddling* in the *Water,* as if one had been Swimming: and what ſhould this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River waſhing and rinſing his hands, over and over. I aſkt him the meaning of it; and he told me, that *in his life time he had been often dawb'd in the Fiſt, to make the buſineſs ſlip the better, and he would willingly get out the Greaſe before he came to hold up his hand at the Bar.* There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylers,* under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils,* arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels,* and other Inſtruments of Correction: and Theſe Counterfeited themſelves Deaf, and were very loth to leave their Graves, for fear of a worſe lodging. As they were paſſing on, up ſtarted

ſtarted a little *Lawyer*, and aſkt whither they were going; They made anſwer, that they were going to give an accompt of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himſelf flat upon his Belly in his hole again: if I am to go downward at laſt, (ſays he) I am thus much onward of my way. The *Vintner* ſweat as he walk't, till one drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a *Devil* at's Elbow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Tayler* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, ſpake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a *thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his companions gave him a Rebuke for Diſcrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way-men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Diſtruſt and Jealouſie of Thieves among themſelves. Theſe were fetcht up by a Party of Devils in the *turning of a hand* and lodg'd with the *Taylers*; for (ſaid one of the Company) your *High-way-man* is but a *Wild Tayler*. They were a little Quarrelſome

at

at firſt, but in the Concluſion, they went down into the Valley, and Kennell'd quietly together. After theſe came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets*, *Fidlers*, *Lovers* and *Fencers*: The People of all the World, that Dream the leaſt of a Day of Reckoning; Theſe were diſpoſed of among the *Hang-men*, *Jews*, *Scribes*, and *Philoſophers*. There were alſo a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themſelves, that they ſhould have ſo much *Conſcience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *Erected*, and *the great Day come:* a Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*. The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-ſtool; the *Wind* was *ſtill*; the *Water quiet*; the *Earth* in *ſuſpenſe* and *Anguiſh* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Diſorder. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thankſgivings*; and the Ungodly in framing of *Shifts* and *Evaſions*, to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one ſide to acquit themſelves

ſelves of their Duties and Commiſſions. And on the other ſide, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge againſt Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow Gate*, which was ſo ſtrait, that the moſt mortify'd body could not paſs it, without leaving a good part of his ſkin behind him.

On one Hand, there were in Multitudes; *Diſgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles*; All in a Clamour againſt the *Phyſitians*. The *Plague* Confeſt indeed, that ſhe had ſtruck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their buſineſs. *Melancholy* and *Diſgrace* ſaid the like; and *Misfortunes* of all ſorts made open Proteſtation, that they never brought any man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Accompt for thoſe they had kill'd. They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and ſtill as the Dead were call'd, ſome or other of them anſwered to the Name, and declared the Year and Day when ſuch a Patient paſſed through his Hand. They

They began the Inquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was ſeverely handled about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were ſuch a fault, what will become of me that ſold and betray'd my Lord and Maſter? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apoſtles*, who took their Places by Saint *Peter*. It was worth the Noting, that at this Day there was no Diſtinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment-Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, ſo ſoon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with Them. My Judgment is juſt (quoth *Pilate.*) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) What have I to truſt to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I ſhould fall among the Innocents I have Murder'd; ſo that without more ado I muſt e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The Common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a ſowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (ſays he) ſtretching out his arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his Humour, and aſkt the Porter what he was; which

he himſelf over-hearing, I am (quoth he) a *Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence:* and plucking out ſeveral ſeal'd Parchments, Theſe, (ſaid he) are the Atteſtations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Teſtimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence againſt him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too Nimble for Them, and took them Up himſelf. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but He, for fear of an *Attaque*, leapt a ſtep backward, and with great agility, *alonging* withall, Now (ſays he) if ye think fit, I'le give ye a Taſte of my ſkill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was paſt upon him; *That ſince by his Rules of Art He had occaſioned ſo many Duels and Murders; He ſhould himſelf go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for Himſelf, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no ſuch Line: but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he Tumbled.

After

After him, came the *Treaſurers*, and ſuch a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing; that ſome ſaid, the *Thieves* were coming; Others ſaid No; And the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and deſir'd the benefit of Counſel to plead their Cauſe. And very good Reaſon (ſaid one of the *Devils*) Here's a *Diſcarded Apoſtle* that has Executed both Offices, Let them take him, where's *Judas?* When the *Treaſurers* heard that, they turn'd aſide, and by chance, ſpy'd in a Devil's Hand, a Huge Roll of *Accuſations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* againſt them. With That, One of the boldeſt among them: *Away, Away* (cry'd he) with theſe *Informations*; We'l rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty thouſand years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge) If ye are upon theſe Terms ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treaſurers*, being brought to a forc't Put, were e'en glad to make the beſt of a bad game, and follow the Fencer.

Theſe were no ſooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Paſtry-man*; They aſkt him, if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hitts; (ſaid he) At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cauſe againſt him, preſt his Charge, and laid it Home to him, that He had put off *Catts* for *Hares*; and filled his *Pyes*, with *Bones* inſtead of *Fleſh*; and not only ſo, but that he had ſold *Horſe-fleſh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Iſſue, it was prov'd againſt him, that *Noah* never had ſo many *Animals* in his *Ark* as this poor fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) ſo that he e'en gave up his Cauſe, and went away to ſee if his Oven were hot. Next, came the *Philoſophers* with their *Syllogiſms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop Logic*, and put all their *Expoſtulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleaſanteſt People in the World, were the *Poets*; who inſiſted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worſhipping falſe Gods*, their Anſwer was, that through *Them* they worſhip't the *True One*,

One, and were rather miſtaken in the *Name*, than in the *Worſhip*. *Virgil* had much to ſay for himſelf, for his *Sicelides Muſæ*; But *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being *the Father of the Poets*, deſir'd to be heard for them all. What, *He?* (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes* were *better Bedfellows* than *Wenches*; But the *Women* had comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if they could have Catcht him. *Away with him to Hell Once again* then they cry'd; *and let him get out now if He can.* So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, becauſe he had been there once before. So ſoon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a Rich *Penurious Chuffe*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is Impoſſible (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And ſo He went to Juſtify himſelf from Point to Point: He had done This and That; and He had never done That, nor T'other; but in the End, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came

on, a Company of *Houſe-breakers*, and *Robbers:* ſo Dextrous, ſome of them, that they ſav'd themſelves from the very *Ladder.* The *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, obſerving That; Ah! thought they; if we could but paſs for *Thieves* now! And yet they ſet a Face good enough upon the Buſineſs too: which made *Judas* and *Mahomet*, hope well of themſelves; for (ſaid they) if any of theſe fellows come off, there's no Fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Reſolution to take their Tryal; Which ſet the *Devils* all a laughing. The *Guardian-Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, mov'd that the *Evangeliſts* might be of their *Counſel*; which the *Devils* oppos'd, for (ſaid they) we ſhall inſiſt only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any poſſibility of *Reply*, or *Excuſe.* We might indeed content our ſelves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys.* With That, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*;

taries; and the *Atturneys* call'd themſelves *Sollicitors*. All was ſaid, in Effect that the Caſe would bear; but the beſt part of their Plea was *Church-membership*. And in fine, after ſeveral *Replications*, and *Rejoynders*, they were all ſent to *Old Nick*; ſave only Two or Three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and ſaid they ſhould have occaſion for the *Scriveners* themſelves, to enter *Proteſtations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, againſt Lawleſs and Diſorderly people: but the poor Wretches it ſeems, could not hear on that Ear. To ſay the Truth, the *Chriſtians* were much more troubleſome, than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding Ill; but they had this to ſay for themſelves, that they were *Chriſten'd* when they were *Children*, ſo that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* muſt anſwer for't. *Judas*, and *Mahomet* took ſuch Courage, when they ſaw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys* ſav'd, that they were juſt upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; But they were

prevented by the *Doctor* I told ye of, who was ſet firſt to the *Bar*, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a Certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, inform'd the Court, that the greateſt part of the *Dead* there preſent, were ſent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Aſſembly. An *Angel* then interpoſing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Perſon, and one that *Phyſick'd the Poor for nothing*; No matter for that (cry'd the *Devil*); for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has killed more people with *two little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *two thouſand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low Country-Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compoſitions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a Couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor* he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, & ſaid He would maintain againſt the whole College,

College, that his *Preſcriptions* were according to the *Diſpenſatory:* and if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, The *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-ſalt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber*, were brought off, at the Interceſſion of St. *Coſmus*, and St. *Damian*.

After theſe, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a tongue ſteep'd in oyl, and a great Maſter of his Words and Actions; a moſt exquiſite *Flatterer*, and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Paſſions than himſelf; or more ready at bolting a Lucky Preſident at a dead lift; or at making the beſt of a bad Cauſe; for he had all the ſhifts and ſtarting-holes in the Law at his Fingers Ends: but all this would not ſerve, for the Verdict went againſt him, and He was *Order'd to pay Coſts*. In that Inſtant, there was a Diſcovery made of a Fellow that hid himſelf in a Corner, and lookt like a *Spye*. They askt him, what he was? He made anſwer, an *Empirick*; what (ſaid a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Pontæus*: Alas! Alas! Thou hadſt ten thouſand

thouſand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Croſs*; for upon my word thou't have nothing to do here, unleſs, perhaps, for an Oyntment for a Burn, or ſo; And ſo *Pontæus* went his way. The next that appear'd, were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accuſed for *Adulterating*, and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compenſation they had furniſht the *Hoſpitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free-coſt*; but this Excuſe ſignify'd as little, as that of the *Taylors* there preſent, who ſuggeſted, that they had *Cloth'd* ſo many *Friers*, *Gratis*; and ſo they were diſpatcht away together. After Theſe, follow'd a Number of *Banquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to couſen their *Creditors*; who finding there ſeveral of their old Correſpondents, that they had reduced to a *Morſel of Bread*, began to treat of Compoſition: but One of the Devils preſently cry'd out, All the Reſt have had enough to do to anſwer for themſelves; but theſe people are to Reckon for other men's ſcores, as well as their own. And hereupon,

they

they were forthwith ſent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at That time, the Devil was out of Caſh.

After this, enter'd a *Spaniſh Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Juſtice* it ſelf. He was a matter of a Quarter of an hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could ſee no Head He had, for his Prodigious ſtarcht Ruffe that ſtood ſtaring up like a *Turkey-Cocks-Tayl*, and Cover'd it. In fine, It was ſo Phantaſtick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it, a good while, and aſk't if it were a *Man*, or No? It is a *Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) *upon the Honour of a Cavalier*, and his name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoſo*, &c. He was ſo long a telling his *Name* and *Titles*, that one of the Devils burſt out a laughing in the Middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at. Glory*; (quoth he) which they taking in the worſe ſenſe, for *Pride*, ſent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little ſevere upon his Guides, for diſordering his *Muſtachoes*, but they help't him preſently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping, and wailing; but my Maſters, (ſays he) my Cauſe is never the worſe for my *Crying*, for if I would ſtand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, and had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Diocleſian*, or *Nero*? For They had enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to perſecute Them. But upon the Upſhot, what was this poor Creature, but a ſmall *Officer*, that ſwept the Church, and duſted the Images and Pictures. His Charge, was for ſtealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owles* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himſelf out of the *Church-habits*, which he got new-dy'd; and of *Crumming his Porrege with Conſecrated Bread*, that he ſtole every *Sunday*. What He ſaid for Himſelf, I know not: but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With

With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, Clear the paſſage:* And this was for a *Bevy* of handſome, buxſome, *Bona Roba's*, in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *dancing*, *laughing* and *ſinging* of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as merry as the Day was long. But They quickly chang'd their Note, for ſo ſoon as ever they ſaw the Hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into Violent Fits of the Mother; Beating their Breaſts, and Tearing their Hair, with all the Horror and Fury Imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their Favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chappel.* Yes, yes (cry'd a Devil) *leſs of her Chappel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a Notable Whipſter, among the reſt, that confeſt, the Devil had reaſon. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *Marrying*, that ſhe might play the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a *Father* for her *Baſtards.* It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, well! ſhe cry'd; If I had thought, 'twould have come to This, I ſhould ne're have trou-

troubled my ſelf with ſo many Maſſes.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and askt which of the Three was *Judas*? I am He, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a Couple of *Lying Raſcals*, ſays *Judas* himſelf, for I am the man; only the Rogues make uſe of my Name to ſave their Credit. 'Tis True I ſold my Maſter Once, and the World has ever ſince been the better for't: But theſe Villains ſell Him and Themſelves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Miſery and Confuſion. So they were all Three packt away to their Diſciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: but the Court was not much troubled with them, for they confeſt Guilty at firſt word, and ſo were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Aſtrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Aſtro-*

Aſtrolabes, &c. making Proclamation as loud as He could bawl, that there muſt needs be a groſs Miſtake in the Reckoning, for *Saturn* had not finiſht his Courſe, and the world could not be yet at an End. One of the Devils that ſaw how he came provided, and lookt upon him as his own already: A Provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But this I muſt needs tell ye, (ſays he to the *Mathematician*) 'Tis a ſtrange thing, ye ſhould create ſo many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, for *Going*, (cry'd the *Aſtrologer*) ye ſhall excuſe me; but if you'l *Carry* me, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court roſe, the Throne Vaniſht; the Shadows and Darkneſs withdrew; the Air ſweeten'd; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens Clear: And then I waked; not a little ſatisfy'd to find that after all this, I was ſtill in my Bed, and among the Living. The Uſe I made

made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The end of the third Vision.

THE

THE FOURTH VISION OF LOVING FOOLS.

ABout four a Clock, in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with a *good Bed-fellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand Love-Toyes in my Head, I past from one Phansy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her Opinions, with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair Medow: A Medow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets,

with all their far-fetch't Gilding, and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verſes is worth nothing with them, unleſs they force Nature for't, and Riffle both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with *two Riv'lets*; the *One Bitter*; the *Other*, *Sweet*; and yet they mingled their ſtreams with a pretty kind of Murmur, Equal perhaps to the beſt Muſick in the World. The uſe of theſe *Waters* was, (as I obſerv'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Proſpect of the Place, I ſaw ſeveral of *Cupid's little Officers*, and ſubjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment, and Eaſe. Upon this, I Phanſy'd my ſelf in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I ſaw the very *Hive*, where the *Bee* liv'd, that ſtung my *Young Maſter*, and occaſion'd that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I caſt my Eye upon, was a *Palace*, in the midſt of the Medow; a *rare piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Deſign*. The *Porches*, were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedeſtals*, *Baſes*, *Columns*, *Corniſhes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*,

chitraves, *Freezes* (and in ſhort the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was Beautified with Imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, in *Half Relief*, which as they were intermixt with other Phantaſtick works and Conceits, carry'd the face of ſeveral little *Hiſtories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon black Marble, This Inſcription.

This is call'd *Fools* Paradiſe,
From the *Loving Fools* that dwell in't:
Where the *great Fools* rule the *Leſs*,
The *Reſt* Obey, and all do well in't.

The *Finiſhing*, and *Materials* were pleaſant to Admiration. The *Portal*, *ſpacious*, the *Doors*, always *open*, and the *Houſe* free to *all Comers*, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was ſupply'd by a *Woman*; Exquiſitely handſome, both for *Face* and *Perſon*; *Tall*; *Delicately ſhap'd*, and ſet off with great Advantages of *Dreſs*, and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of Charms, and her *Name* (as I underſtood) was

Beauty. She would let any man in to ſee the Houſe for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my paſſage. In the firſt Court, I found a many of Both Sexes, but ſo alter'd in Habit, and Countenance, that they could ſcarce know one another. They were *ſad, penſive*; and their Complexions teinted with a yellow *Paleneſs* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) There was no talk of being *True* to *Friends*; *Loyal* to *Superiors*; and *Dutiful* to *Parents*: But Kinred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Couſins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands She Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of theſe Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a ſtrange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeneſs of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man* nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Reſemblance of Both. This Perſon I perceiv'd was Ever buſy, up and down, going and coming; beſet all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftieſt diſtruſtful Lookes (methought)

thought) that ever I ſaw. And withal, (as I obſerv'd) no ſmall Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name*, and *office*. My *Name* (quoth ſhe) for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jelouſy*, and methinks you and I ſhould be better acquainted, for how came you here elſe? However for your ſatisfaction; you are to underſtand that the greater part of the Diſtemper'd people you ſee here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Phyſician*, but their *Tormentor*; and ſerve only to *Aggravate*, and *Embitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing further of the *Houſe*, never aſk me, for 'tis Forty to One I ſhall tell you a Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my ſelf; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Impoſture*: But the Good Old man that walks there, is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his ſlow way of Diſcourſe.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew preſently to be *Time*: and deſir'd him to let me look into the ſe-

veral Quarters and Lodgings of the Houſe, for there were ſome *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Viſit; He told me that he was at preſent ſo buſie about making of *Candles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not ſtir; but yet he directed me where I might find all thoſe I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the Houſe to walk at pleaſure.

I paſt out of the *Firſt Court*, into the *Maids quarter*, which was the very ſtrongeſt part of the whole Building; and ſo't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were ſo Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye ſhall have *One*, ſobbing and raging with *Jelouſie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, *Stark mad* for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding becauſe ſhe durſt not diſcover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Myſtery*, Mending and Marring, till at laſt the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. *Some* were practiſing in the *Glaſs* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rowle* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, *&c.* *Others* again

again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal*, *Clay*, *Chalk*, *Cole*, *Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Addreſs*. Yes, yes, they cry'd *You can go to the* Park *with* This Lady, *and to a* Play *with* That Lady, *and to* Banſtead *with* T'other Lady, *and ſpend whole Nights at* Beſte *or* Ombre *with* my Lady Pen-Tweezel; *but by my Troth, I think you are aſham'd to be ſeen in my Company.* Some I ſaw upon the very point of *Sealing and delivering. I am Thine* (crys one) *and Thine Alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be ſure you be Conſtant. If I be not* (ſays he) *let my Soul, &c.* and the ſilly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye ſhould have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Randome*: In another, nothing would pleaſe them but to be *Marry'd Mens Wives*, and this Diſeaſe was lookt upon as a little Deſperate. Some again ſtood ready furniſht with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be caſt out at the Window, or thruſt under the Door, and Theſe were lookt upon not only as *Fools* but *Beaſts*.

I had ſeen as much already as I deſir'd, for I had learnt of Old, that *He that keeps ſuch Company, ſeldom comes off without a ſcratcht face:* but if he miſſes a *Miſtreſs*, he gets a *Wife*, and ſtands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unleſs One of the Two dies. For *Women* in the Caſe are worſe than *Pyrats*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ranſom* in Caſe of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with ſome of them, but (thought I) they'l Phancy I'm in Love with them. And ſo I e'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was ſuch *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke looſe. And what was all This? but a number of *Women* that had been lockt up and ſhackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Priſons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I ſaw *Careſſing* and *Cokeſing their Husbands, in the very moment they deſign'd to betray them. Others* were *picking their Husbands Pockets*

Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow. Some again were *upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (forſooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures*; when alas! they had no other buſineſs with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus*, or a *Love meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the leaſt part of their Errand. Others to *Confeſſion*, that miſtook their *Martyr* for their *Confeſſor*: Some to be reveng'd of *Jelous Husbands*, were reſolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making ſure afore-hand by way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they ſay, that's as ſweet as *Muſcadine and Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; a Third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was One among the reſt, was never out of her *Coach*; and aſking her the Reaſon, ſhe told me, ſhe lov'd to be Jolted. In this Crowd of *Women*, you muſt know that there were no *Wives* of *Embaſſadors*, *Souldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commiſſion*; for ſuch were conſider'd in effect as *ſingle Women*,

Women, and not allow'd as members of this Common-wealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *Wiſe*; *the Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvelous ſeverity* and *reſerve*, and yet every One of them had her weak ſide, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Diſtemper* through her *Diſguiſe*. One of them I ſaw *crying with one Eye for the loſs of one Husband*, and *laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next*. Another, with the *Epheſian Matron*, was ſolacing her ſelf with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough *cold in the mouth*; conſidering, that *he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as Dead as* William *the Conquerour*. There were ſeveral others paſſing to and again, quite *out of their mourning*, that lookt ſo demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet *Apoſtate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as ſtrictly, as if they had been in the *Spaniſh Inquiſition*. Some were laying wagers, whoſe mourning was moſt *a-la-mode*, and beſt made;

made; or whoſe *Peak* or *Veil* became her Beſt: and ſetting themſelves off with a Thouſand tricks of *Ornament* and *Dreſs*. The *Widows* I obſerv'd that were marching off, with *the marque out of their mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*, and ſtill talking of *Maſques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*; *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty* like *mad wenches of fifteen*. The *Younger*, on the other ſide, made uſe of their time and took pleaſure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the *Religious ſtrain*; a people much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; and Theſe were there in the Quality of *Love-Hereticks, or Platonicks, and under the Penance of perpetual Abſtinence from the Fleſh they lov'd beſt* (which is the moſt *Mortifying Lent* of all Other) Some, that had ſkill in *Perſpective*, were before the Glaſs with their *Boxes* of *Patch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreſhing*, and in ſhort, *Covering* and *Palliating*, all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now theſe women were

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abſolutely inſufferable, for they were moſt of them *Old* and *Head-ſtrong*, having got the *better* of their *Husbands*, ſo that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at *home*; and indeed, *they found the Maſter of the College enough to do.*

When I had tyr'd my ſelf with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madneſs*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *women* and *girles* that had *Cloyſtered* up themſelves from the Converſation of the *World*; and yet were not a jot *ſoberer* than their *Fellows*. Theſe one would have thought might have been eaſily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in deſpight of Either *Counſel* or *Phyſick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with ſtrong Bars of Iron; and yet when the Toy took them, They'd make now and then a *Sally*: for when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no *Superior* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of theſe good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Diſpatches*, which had ſtill *the ſign of the Croſs* at the *Top*, and *Satan* at the

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Bottom, concluding with This, or ſome ſuch *Poſtſcript*; *I commend this Paper to your Diſcretion.* The *Fools* of *This Province* would be *Twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talkt her ſelf a weary, (which was very rare) ſhe would preſently take upon her very gravely to admoniſh the Reſt, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the *Company.* There were ſome that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but theſe were lookt upon as a ſort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cauſe of their Diſtemper.

The Root of all theſe ſeveral Extravagancies was *Idleneſs*, which (according to *Petrarch*'s Obſervation) never fails to make way for *wantonneſs.* There was One among the Reſt, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her inſatiable deſires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers.* Some of them were ſick of their *Old Viſiter*, and call'd for a *Freſhman.* Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented

tented themſelves diſcreetly with *the Phyſician of the Houſe.* In ſhort, It e'en pity'd my heart to ſee ſo many poor people in ſo ſad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: for they were ſtill Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Eaſe for the preſent, they'd be down again, as ſoon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *ſingle women* (ſuch as made Profeſſion never to marry) which were the leaſt Outragious, and diſcompos'd of all; for they had a thouſand ways to *Lay the Devil* as well as to *Raiſe* him. Some of them liv'd like *common High-way men, by Robbing Peter* to *Pay Paul*; and ſtripping honeſt men to cloth Raſcals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were abſolutely out of their ſeven ſenſes, and as Mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *t'other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*: ſo that to read their Verſes, a man would

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ſwear the whole woman to be directly *Petrify'd.*

Of Saphir fair, or Chryſtal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I ſaw One in Conſultation with a *Cunning man* to know her *Fortune*; Another, dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre*, or *Drink* to make her Belov'd. A Third was *dawbing* and *patching* up an *Old ruin'd Face*, to make it freſh and young again: but ſhe might as well have been *waſhing of a Blackmoor to make him White.* In fine, a world there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-Brows*, look't like fine folks at a Diſtance, but would have been left as Ridiculous, as *Æſop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch't away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, ſmiling and ſhaking my head) if *This* be *Woman.*

And ſo I ſtep't into the *Mens Quarter*, which was but next door, and only a Thick Wall between. Their great Miſery was that they were *deaf to good advice*, obſtinately *hating*, and *deſpiſing* both

both *Phyſick*, and *Phyſician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *chang'd*, they might have been *cured*. But they choſe rather to dye, and though they ſaw their Errour, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rime:

Where Love's in the Caſe,
The Doctor's an Aſs.

Theſe *Fools-male* were all in the ſame Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Diſtemper*, in their *Looks* and *Geſtures*. *Oh! how many a gay Lad did I ſee there, in his Poynt Band, and Embroyder'd Veſt, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffes and Highboyes, that had nothing elſe in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd ſpend in their ſweet Ladies ſervice! that would yet have run five miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary? How many a poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Fleſh!* Some there were, that ſpent much time in ſetting their

Perruques,

Perruques, Ordering the *Muſtache*, and dreſſing up the very face of *Lucifer* himſelf for a *Beauty*: (The Woman's Privilege, and in truth an Encrochment, to their prejudice) There were Others, that made it their Glory to paſs for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and Talkt of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverſes*, *Stramaxons*, *Stoccados*: not conſidering that *a Naked Weapon is preſent Death to a Timerous Woman.* Some were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to bed again as wiſe as they roſe. Others *fell in Love* by *Contagion*, and meerly converſing with the Infected. Some again went Poſt from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a Miſtreſs; and ſo turn'd a Day of *Reſt* into a Day of *Labour.* Ye might ſee others ſkipping continually from houſe to houſe, like the *Knight* upon a *Cheſs-Bord*, without ever catching the (Queen or) *Dame. Some, like crafty Beggars made their Caſe worſe then 'twas: And Others though 'twere n'ere ſo bad, durſt not ſo much as open their Mouths.* Really it griev'd me for

the poor *Mutes*, and I wiſht with all my Heart, their *Miſtreſſes* had been *Witches*, that *they might have known their Meaning by their Mumping*; but they were loſt to all Counſel, ſo that there was no adviſing them. There was another ſort of *Elevated*, and *Conceited Lovers*: and Theſe forſooth were not to be ſatisfy'd without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and *the Four Cardinal Vertues*, in the ſhape of a *Woman*; and their Caſe was Deſperate. The next I obſerv'd, were a Generation of *Modeſt Fools*, that paſt there under the Notion of people *Diffident of Themſelves*. They were generally men of good Underderſtanding, but for the moſt part *Younger Brothers*, of *low Fortunes*, and ſuch as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *Ordinary Stuffe*, that brought them nothing in the End, but *Beggery*, and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles*, and *Shackles*. *Some of them left their own Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours*. Others to keep the *good Women* in *Awe*, and *Obedi-*

ence,

ence, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*, but upon the Upſhot they found their Miſtake, and that though they came on as *fierce* as *Lions*, they went off as *Tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making Friendſhips with their *Wives She-Couſins*: and agreeing upon a *Croſs-Goſſipping* whoever ſhould have the firſt Child.

The *Widowers*, that had bit of the *Bridle*, paſt from place to place, where they ſtaid more or leſs, according to their Entertainment, and ſo were in effect, *as good as marry'd*; *for as long, or as little a while as Themſelves pleas'd.* Theſe liv'd ſingle, and ſpent their time in Viſiting, firſt One Friend, then Another. Here they fell in *Love*; There they kindled a *Jelouſy*, which they contracted Themſelves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew, and confeſt themſelves a Company of *Mad Fools*, and yet continu'd ſo. Thoſe that had skill in *Muſick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made uſe of their Gifts, to put the ſilly Wenches that were but *half Mop'd* before, directly *out of their Wits.*

They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty*, and *Diſappointment*. One tells *his Good Fortune* to another, that requites him with the ſtory of *his Bad*. They that had ſet their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the ſtreets *all day*, to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's lodgings *at night*. Some were tampering and Careſſing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Miſtreſs*. Others choſe rather to put it to the Puſh, and attempt the Lady Her ſelf. Some were Examining their *Pockets*, and taking a View of their Furniture; which conſiſted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately ſeal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Ran ſilk*; and a Thouſand pretty Devices within; All wrapt up in *Riddle*, and *Cipher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd *the Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all Occaſions to do This, and to do That Kindneſs for the *Husband*. *Their Purſe*, *Credit*, *Coach and Horſes*, were all at his ſervice: And in the mean time, who but They to *Gal-*

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lant the *Wife?* To the *Park*, the *Gardens*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*: where forty to one, by the Greateſt good luck in the World, they ſtumble upon an Aunt, an old Houſe-Keeper of the Family, or ſome ſuch Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a well-willer to the Mathematicks; ſhe takes the hint, performs the Good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two ſorts of Fools for the *Widows*; The one was *Belov'd*, and the Other *not*. The *latter* were content to be a kind of *Voluntary ſlaves*, for the compaſſing their Ends: but the *other*, were the Happier; for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their Pleaſure, unleſs ſome Friend or Child of the Houſe perchance came in, in the Miſchievous Nick, and then in caſe of a little colour more than Ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene and ſtrugling for a paper of Verſes or ſome ſuch buſineſs to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Aſſaults both with *Love*, and *Money*, and they ſeldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and *your Spaniſh Piſtols*

are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self (ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I obſerv'd new Wonders: I ſaw that the Number of the *Mad fools* increas'd every moment; Although Time (I perceiv'd) did all that was poſſible to recover them. There was *Jelouſy* tormenting even thoſe that were moſt confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *Old ſores*. There was *Underſtanding*, lockt up in a *dark Cellar*: and *Religion* with *both her Eyes out*. I made a little pauſe, the better to obſerve theſe Varieties, and Diſguiſes. And when I had lookt my ſelf a weary, I turn'd about and ſpy'd a Door; but ſo Narrow that it was hardly paſſable; And yet ſtreight as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude*, and *Infidelity* had ſet at *Liberty*; and made a ſhift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of Returning, I made what haſte I could to be One of the firſt at the Door,

Door, and in that Instant, my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me, the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I *wak'd*, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phansy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools, and Madmen, gave me some Disorder, but with this Comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else than a meer *Phrensy, and Folly.*

The end of the fourth Vision.

THE FIFTH VISION OF THE WORLD.

IT is utterly impoſſible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites*, and *Deſires*, but they are ſtill flitting and reſtleſs like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nouriſht with *Variety*: which ſhews how much we are miſtaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we *purſue* with the greateſt *delight*, and *Paſſion* Imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety*, and *Repentance* in the *Poſſeſſion*; yet ſuch is the Power of theſe *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call*, and *command*; we *follow*, and *Obey*; though we find in the End, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chace*, proves but a *Carkaſs* in the *Quarry*; and we are ſick

ſick on't as ſoon as we have it. Now the *World*, that knows our *Palate*, and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter, and entertain us, with all ſorts of *Change*, and *Novelty*; as the moſt certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that theſe Conſiderations might have put ſober Thoughts and Reſolutions in my Head, but it was my fate to be taken off, in the very Middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my ſelf by *Vanity*, and *Weakneſs*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unſatisfy'd with my Condition. As I paſt from one place to another, ſeveral that ſaw me (I perceiv'd) did but make ſport with me: for the further I went, the more I was at a loſs in that *Labyrinth* of *Deluſions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit; I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*, or *Bear* at *Bridge-foot*, ſtuffing my Guts with *Food*, and

and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burſt. Beſide twenty other Entertainments that I found, every jott as Extravagant as theſe, which to my great Trouble and Admiration, left me not ſo much as one moment of Repoſe.

As I was in one of my unquiet, and penſive Moods; ſome body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: which prov'd to be *A perſon of a Venerable age; His Clothes miſerably poor and Tatter'd; and his Face juſt as if He had been Trampl'd upon in the Streets*, which did not yet hinder, but that *he had ſtill the Ayr and Appearance of one that deſerv'd much Honour and Reſpect.* Good Father, (ſaid I to him) why ſhould you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your ſelf with me, or my doings. *You're paſt the pleaſure of Life your ſelf, and can't endure to ſee other people merry, that have the world before them.* Conſider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the Trick of all Old men to be carping at the Actions of their *Juniors.*

Son

Son (ſaid the old man, ſmiling) I ſhall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim Thee. *Do'ſt thou know the Price of a Day; an hour; or a Minute?* Did'ſt ever examine the value of *Time?* If thou had'ſt, thou would'ſt employ it better; and not caſt away ſo many bleſſed Opportunities upon Trifles; and ſo Eaſily, and Inſenſibly, part with ſo ineſtimable a Treaſure. *What's become of thy paſt hours? have they made thee a Promiſe, to come back again at a Call when thou haſt need of them? Or, can'ſt thou ſhow me which way they went?* No, No; They are gone without Recovery; and in their Flight, methinks, Time ſeems to turn his Head, and laugh over his ſhoulder, in Deriſion of thoſe that made no better uſe of him, when they had him. Do'ſt thou not know, that all the Minutes of our life, are but as ſo many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the End on't? and every Moment brings thee nearer thy Expected End, which perchance, while the word is ſpeaking, may be at thy very door: And doubtleſs at thy rate of Living, it will be

be upon thee before thou art aware. *How ſtupid is He, that Dyes while he Lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that Lives, as if he ſhould never Dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul: And He is certainly none of the Wiſeſt that ſpends all his days in Lewdneſs, and Debauchery; without conſidering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his laſt.

My Good Father (ſaid I) I am beholding to you for your Excellent Diſcourſes, for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a Thouſand Frivolous and Vain Affections, that had taken poſſeſſion of me. But who are You, I pray'e? And what is your Buſineſs here? *My Poverty and Theſe Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honeſt man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-Mouth'd, when he may ſpeak it to Purpoſe.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; Others, the *Undeceiver General.* You ſee me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruiſes.* And what is all This, but the *Requital* the *World* gives

gives me, for my *Good Counſel*, and *Kind Viſits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get ſhut of me; they call themſelves my *Friends*: though they Curſe me to the Pit of Hell, as ſoon as ever I come neer them; and had rather be hang'd, then ſpend one Quarter of an hour in my Company. If thou haſt a Mind to ſee the *World* I talk of, come along with me, and I'le carry thee into a place, where thou ſhalt have a full Proſpect of it; and without any Inconvenience, ſee all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't; and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, ſaid he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it croſſes the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is *large*, and *Populous*; for I believe there's not any man alive, but has either a *Houſe* or a *Chamber* in't. *Some* live in't for *altogether*; *Others* take it only in *Paſſage*: for there are *Hypocrites* of ſeveral ſorts; but all Mortals have, more or leſs, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tayl*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*.

Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than *break* his *Promiſes* to keep a *Laquay*? There's another *Raſcal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that He's better at building Caſtles in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time, he puts on a *Nobleman's Face*, and *Garb*; he *ſwears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their Maſter. Mark now that piece of *Gravity*, and *Form*; He *walks* ye ſee, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are *few*, and *Low*; He makes all his Anſwers by a *Shrug*, or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Miniſter of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit* of *Wiſdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind thoſe Decrepit Sots there, that can ſcarce lift a Leg over a Threſhold, and yet they muſt be *Dying* their *Hair*, *Colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *Young Fools* again, with a Thouſand *Hobby-horſe Tricks*, and *Antick Dreſſes*. On the other ſide; Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys* taking

taking upon them to govern the world, under a *Vizor* of *Wiſdom*, and *Experience*. *What Lord is that* (ſaid I) *in the Rich Clothes there, and the fine Laces?* That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day Clothes*; and if He were now upon his *Shop-bord*, his own *Sciſſers* and *Needles* would hardly know him: And you muſt underſtand, that *Hypocriſy* is ſo *Epidemical* a Diſeaſe, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themſelves, as well as the *Maſters*. The *Cobler* muſt be ſaluted, M^r. *Tranſlater*. The *Groom* names himſelf *Gentleman of the Horſe*; The Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majeſties Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himſelf a *Miniſter of Juſtice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able man*. A *Common Whore* paſſes for a *Courtiſan*. The *Bawd* acts the Puritan. *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy-Houſes*, Places of Entertainment. The *Page* ſtiles himſelf the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himſelf *My Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-Thank* names himſelf a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-Maker* paſſes for *a Fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himſelf, for *the beſt natur'd Husband*

Husband in the World: And a very *Aſs*, commences *Maſter-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks* are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Luſt*, *Friendſhip*; *Uſury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickneſs of Apprehenſion*; *Cowardice*, *Meekneſs* of *Nature*; and *Raſhneſs* carryes the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocriſy*, and *Knavery* in a *Diſguiſe*; for Nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beſide theſe, certain *General Appellations* taken up, which by long Uſage, are almoſt grown into *Preſcription*. Every *little Whore* takes upon her to be a *Great Lady*. Every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counſeller*. Every *Huffe* to be a *Soldat*; Every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Pariſh-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and Every *writing-Clerk* in the *Office* muſt be call'd Mr *Secretary*.

So that *the whole World*, take it where you will, is but *a meer Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murther*, and a Thouſand other Hainous ſins, have all of them *Hypocriſy* for their *Source*, and thither

ther They'l return again. It would be well (ſaid I) if you could prove what you ſay; but I can hardly ſee, how ſo great a *Diverſity* of *Waters* ſhould proceed from one *and the ſame Fountain.* I do not wonder (quoth he) at your Diſtruſt, for you are miſtaken in very good Company; to Phanſie a *Contrariety* in many things, which are, in effect, ſo much *alike.* It is agreed upon, both by *Philoſophers*, and *Divines*, that *all Sins are Evil*; and you muſt allow, that *the Will Embraces, or purſues, no Evil but under the Reſemblance of Good:* Nor does the *Sin* lie in the *Repreſentation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Conſent* to it. Which *Conſent* it ſelf is *ſinful*, although without any *Subſequent Act*: It's true, the *Execution* ſerves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be conſider'd under many *Differences* and *Diſtinctions.* But in fine; Evident it is, that the *Will entertains* no *Ill*, but under the ſhape of ſome *Good.* What do ye think now of *the Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat, in his Arms, and Murders you, under pretence of Kindneſs? What is the Hope of*

an Hypocrite? says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any: For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his beſt Actions are worth nothing, becauſe they are not what they ſeem to be. So that of all Sinners, he has the moſt to anſwer for. Other Offenders ſin only *againſt God*. But the Hypocrite ſins *with Him*, as well as *againſt Him*, making uſe of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedneſs*. For which reaſon, our Bleſſed Saviour, after many *Affirmative Precepts* deliver'd to his Diſciples, for their *Inſtruction*; gave only *This Negative*. *Be not ſad as the Hypocrites*: which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have ſaid, *Be not Hypocrites and ye ſhall not be wicked*.

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better Proſpect of what paſt. The firſt remarkable thing I ſaw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred*, and *Gueſts*, following the *Corps* of a Deceas'd Lady, in Company with the Diſconſolate

Wid-

Widower; who marcht with his Chin upon his Breaſt; a ſad and a heavy pace; muffled up in a Mourning Hood, enough to have ſtifled him, with at leaſt Ten yards of Cloth upon his Body, and no leſs in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I ſhould live to ſee ſo diſmal a ſpectacle! Oh Bleſſed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this Infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy *Grave*! And happy the Husband doubtleſs, in a Wife that deſerv'd this Kindneſs! and in ſo many tender Friends, and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me entreat you to obſerve this doleful Encounter. With that (ſhaking his head and ſmiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou ſhalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the world but *Vanity*, *Impoſture*, and *Conſtraint*; and I will ſhew thee the Difference between *Things Themſelves*, and their *Appearances*. To ſee this Abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there ſhould be ſome mighty matter in the

buſineſs: but let me aſſure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing*. The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while ſhe liv'd: The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is ſomewhat a leſs *Nothing*: and the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to juſt *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it ſeems muſt have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy Days* as well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carcaſs*? but *the moſt Odious ſort of Putrefaction*? *A Corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *ſad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might ſee by their *Behaviour*, and *Diſcourſes*; for when they ſhould have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedigree*, and *her laſt Will and Teſtament*. *I'm not ſo near a kin* (ſays one) *but I might have been ſpar'd*; *and I had twenty other things to do*. Another ſhould have met Company at a *Tavern*; A third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*.

Quality. Another cryes out, *A Pox o' your meetings where there is nothing ſtirring but Worms-meat.* Let me tell ye further, that the *Widower Himſelf* is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the Damn'd Expence in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*; and that ſhe was not fairly laid to *Reſt*, without all this ado: for He perſwades himſelf, that *ſhe might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle.* And ſince ſhe was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that ſhe ſhould have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Chriſtian*) to put her Conſcience in order betimes, and get her gone; without lingring in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Pothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murder her Husband too. Or (to ſave Charges) ſhe might have had the diſcretion to have dy'd of the *Plague*, which would have ſtav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife*, he has already turn'd over, and (to give the Man his Due) He has had the wit to ſecure himſelf of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-bed.* So that His Caſe is no more then Chopping of a *Cold Wife* for

a *Warm One*, and Hee'l recover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The Good man, methought, ſpoke wonders; and being throughly convinc't of the danger of truſting to *Appearances*, I took up a Reſolution, *never to conclude upon any thing, though never ſo plauſible, without due Examination, and Inquiry.* With that, the *Funeral* Vaniſht, leaving Us behind; and for a *farewel*, *This Sentence. I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care, and Devotion as your ſelves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noiſe we heard in a Houſe behind Us; Where we had no ſooner ſet foot over the Threſhold, but we were entertain'd with a Conſort of *Six Voices*, that were *Set* and *Tun'd* to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow.* The Paſſion was Acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon, Clapping, and Wringing of their Hands;

Hands; Groning, and Sighing, as if their Hearts would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture* were all taken down, and remov'd; The *Rooms* hung with *Black*, And in one of them lay the *poor Diſconſolate*, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and ſo much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no diſcovering of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears*, and *Lamentations*. *Madam* (ſays one) *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to ſee your Ladiſhip in this Condition, has made me as loſt a woman to all thought of Comfort as your ſelf: I beſeech you Madam, chear up*; (crys another, with almoſt as many *Sighs* as *Words*) *your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miſerable World. He was a Good man, and now he finds the ſweet on't. Patience, Patience; Dear Madam*, (crys a Third) *'Tis the will of Heaven, and there's no Contending.* Do'ſt talk of *Patience* (ſays ſhe) and *no Contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear man! Oh that Dear Huſ-*

band of Mine! Oh that I ſhould ever live to ſee this Day! And then ſhe fell to *blubbering*, *Sobbing*, and *Raving* a thouſand times worſe than before. *Alas, Alas, who will trouble himſelf with a poor Widow! I have never a friend left to look after me; what ſhall become of me!*

At this pauſe came in the *Chorus*, with their *Noſe Inſtruments*; and there was ſuch *Blowing*, *Snobbing*, *Sniveling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the Houſe. And all this, you muſt know, ſerv'd them to a double purpoſe; that is to ſay; for *Phyſick* and for *Complement*: for it paſt for the *Condoling Office*, and purg'd their *Heads* of *Ill humours* all under one. I could not chuſe but compaſſionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forſaken of all the world; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well beſtow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to ſpeak for them. And if at any time they take heart to ſpeak for themſelves, They had

had e'en as good hold their tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *Protect the Fatherless*, *and Defend the Cause of the Widow?* as the higheſt and moſt Neceſſary point of *Chriſtian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power*, nor *Right* to defend themſelves. Does not *Job* in the Depth of his *Miſery*, and *Diſgraces*, make Choice to clear himſelf toward the *Widow*, upon his *Expoſtulations* with the *Almighty?* [*If I have caus'd the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *conſum'd the Eyes of the Widdow*; *after the Hebrew*) ſo that it ſeems to me, beſide the general Duty of *Charity*, We are alſo bound by the Laws of *Honour*, and *Generoſity*, to aſſiſt them: for the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with their *Eyes*; and *Beg with their Eyes*, for want of Either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themſelves. Indeed you muſt pardon me (my good Father ſaid I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a *part* in this *Mournful Conſort*, upon this ſad Occaſion. And is This (quoth the old man) the fruit of your boaſted *Divinity?*

Divinity? to ſink into *Weakneſs*, and *Tears*, when you have the greateſt Need of your *Reſolution* and *Prudence*. Have but a little Patience, and I'll unfold you this Myſtery; though (let me tell ye) *'Tis one of the hardeſt things in Nature, to make any man as wiſe as he ſhould be, that conceits himſelf wiſe enough already.* If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things, that have been ſtarted upon't: for 'tis *Occaſion* that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philoſophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treaſure* lies; unleſs a man has the ſkill of *Drawing it out*, and making the *beſt* of what he has in his *Poſſeſſion*. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Obſerve me now, and I will ſhew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if ſhe had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; that *This Mortifi'd piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts*, under

der her *black Veil*; and *brisk Imaginations* about her, in deſpight of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you ſee is *dark*; and their *faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dreſſes*. And what of all This? when *the whole Courſe of their mourning is but a Thorough-Cheat*. Their *Weeping* ſignifies Nothing more, than *Crying, at ſo much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have *wept* out their *ſtage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to Themſelves; and aſſoon as your back is turn'd, you ſhall have them *Singing* and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks:* for take away the *Spectators*; their *Hypocriſie* is at an End, and *the play is done:* And now the *Confidents Game* begins. *Come, come, Madam, 'faith we muſt be Merry*; (crys one) *we are to live by the Living, and not by the Dead. For a Bonny young Widdow as you are, to lye whimpering away your Opportunities, and loſe ſo many brave Matches! There's, You know who, I dare ſwear, has a Months mind to you; By my Troth I would you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find*

find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam (cryes a ſecond) *ſhe gives you good Counſel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make uſe of my Time. 'Tis but One Loſt, and Ten found.* Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be ſo bold; *what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Teſterday? Certainly he has a great Deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handſome, proper Gentleman. Well! If that man has not a ſtrange Paſſion for you, I'le never believe my Eyes again for his ſake; and in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the night before to morrow. Were it not a burning ſhame to let ſuch a Beauty lye fallow?* This ſets *the Widow a Pinking*, and *Simpering* like a *Frumety-Kettle*; at length ſhe makes up the *pretty little mouth*, and ſays, *'tis ſomewhat of the ſooneſt to talk of thoſe affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleaſes. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice.* You have here the very bottom of her *Sorrow: ſhe has taken a ſecond Husband into her Heart, before her firſt was in his Grave.*

Grave. I ſhould have told you that *your right Widow, Eats, and Drinks more the firſt day of her Widow-hood, than in any other of her whole life*: for there appears not a *Viſitant*; but preſently out comes the *Groning-Cake*; a *Cold bak'd meat*, or ſome *Reſtorative Morſel* or other, to *comfort* the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* muſt not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's Dry*. So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict* fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew falſe*, and makes *proteſtation* that for her part, ſhe can taſte nothing; ſhe has quite loſt her *Digeſtion*; and has ſuch an oppreſſion in her ſtomach, that ſhe dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And (in truth ſays ſhe) how can it be otherwiſe; ſince (Unhappy creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Reliſh to all my Enjoyments: But there is no Recalling him from the Grave, and ſo, *no Remedy but Patience.* By this time, you ſee, (quoth the Old Man) whether your *Exclamations* were *reaſonable*, or *no.*

The words were hardly out of his Mouth,

Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we lookt out to ſee what was the matter. And there we ſaw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat*, or *Band*, *out of Breath*, and his *Face* all *bloudy*, crying out *Help*, *Help*, *in the Kings Name*; *ſtop Thief*, *ſtop Thief*: and all the while, running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Atturney*, *all dirty*; *a world of papers in his hand*; *an Inkhorn at his Girdle*; *and a Crowd of Naſty people about him*; and down He ſat himſelf juſt before us, to write ſomewhat upon his Knee. Bleſs me (thought I) how a Cauſe proſpers in the Hand of one of theſe fellows, for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. Theſe *Catchpoles* (ſaid I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to ſecure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deſerve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old man; I think

think thou wouldſt never leave Talking, if I did not ſtop thy Mouth ſometime. You muſt know, that *He that made the Eſcape, and the Catchpole are a Couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief* for not giving him a ſnip in the laſt Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great ſtruggle, and a good luſty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a ſhift to ſave himſelf. You'l ſay the Rogue had need of Good heels, to outrun this *Gallows-Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beaſt will outſtrip a Bayliff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So that there's not the leaſt thought of a *publick Good* in the *Catchpoles* Action; but meerly a proſecution of his own *Profit*, and a ſpight to ſee himſelf Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole* I confeſs, without any *private Intereſt*, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to *Juſtice*; It had been well: And yet, take this along with you: *It is as natural to let ſlip a Sergeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-Hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*; The *Pillory*; The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the beſt part of the

Catch

Catchpole's Revenue. Theſe people are of all ſorts the moſt odious to the world; and if men in Revenge would reſolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might ſtarve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles*, as well as the *Devils* themſelves have the *Wages* of *Tormenters*.

I hope, ſaid I to my Guide, that the *Atturneys* ſhall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (ſaid the old man) for *your Atturney*, and *your Catchpoles always hunt in Couples*. The *Atturney* draws the *Information*, and has all his forms ready, ſo that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be *guilty* or *innocent*: Give but an *Atturney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *Witneſſes*. In caſe of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to inſiſt too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to ſet down only what makes for his purpoſe, and then when they come to ſigning, to read over in

the

the Deponents ſenſe (for his Memory is good) what he has written in *his own:* And by this Means, the Cauſe goes on as He pleaſes. To prevent this Villany, *it were well, if the Examiners were as well ſworn to write the Truth, as the Witneſſes are to ſpeak it.* And yet there are ſome honeſt men of all ſorts, but among the *Attorneys*; the very *Calling*, does by the *honeſt Catchpoles*, *Marſhal's men*, and *their Fellows*, as the *Sea* by the *Dead:* It may Entertain them for a while, but in a very ſhort ſpace it ſpews them up again.

The Good man would have proceeded, if He had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Guilt-Coach*, wherein was a *Courtier*, that was blown up as big, as *Pride*, and *Vanity* could make him. He ſate ſtiffe, and Upright, as if He had ſwallow'd a ſtake; and made it his Glory to ſhew himſelf in that poſture: It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchang'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore He was very ſparing of his Looks. He had a *deep lac'd Ruffe* on, that was right *Spaniſh*; which He wore *Erect*, and *ſtiffe ſtarcht*,

that a man would have thought He had Carry'd his *Head* in a *Paper-Lanthorn*. He was a great Studier of *Set-faces*; and much affected with looking *Politick*, and *Big*. But, for his *Arms*, *and Body*, He had utterly loſt, or forgotten the uſe of them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his *Hat* to any man that ſaluted him: No, nor ſo much as turn from One ſide to the Other; but ſate as if He had been *Box'd up*, like a *Bartlemew-Baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, follow'd a ſwarm of *Gawdy Butterflie-Laquais*: And his Lordſhips Company in the Coach, was a *Buffon*, and a *Paraſite*. *Oh bleſſed Prince!* (ſaid I) *to live at this Rate of Eaſe, and ſplendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a Glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better beſtow'd. With that, the old man took me up, and told me; that the Judgment I had made upon this Occaſion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage*, and *Miſtake*; ſave only, when I ſaid he had the world at Will: And in that (ſays he) you have reaſon; for what is the *World*, but *Labour*, *Vanity*,

Vanity, and *Folly*; which is likewiſe the *Compoſition*, and *Entertainment* of this *Cavalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be Examin'd, and my life for yours, you ſhall find more *Creditors* in't, than *Servants*: There are *Banquiers*, *Jewellers*, *Scriv'ners*, *Brokers*, *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Taylors*, *Vintners*; and theſe are properly the *Staies*, and *Supporters* of *this animated Machine*. The *Money*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Robes*, *Liveries*, *Wages*; All comes out of *their Pockets*; They have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and muſt content themſelves with *Promiſes*, and *fair Words* for *full ſatisfaction*, unleſs they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-Maſter*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *ſhrift*, or that a man could enter into the *Secrets* of his *Conſcience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thouſand times more at Eaſe, than the other; with Beating of his Brains, Night and Day for new ſhifts, Tricks and Projects to keep himſelf above water.*

Obſerve his *Companions* now: his

Fool, and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him ye ſee; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Miſery, or ſhame in the World, than for a man to make a Friendſhip with ſuch Raſcals, and to ſpend his Time, and Eſtate, in ſo Brutal, and Inſipid a Society!* It coſts him more (beſide his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Converſation of a Brace of Grave, and Learned Philoſophers. But will ye now ſee the Bottom of this Scandalous and Diſhonourable Kindneſs? *My Lord* (ſays the *Buffon*) *you were moſt infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock; for let me* be------*if ye have not ſet all the Ladies about the Court, Agog. The very truth is* (cries the *Paraſite*) *all the reſt of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come, you have ſtill the Eyes of the whole Company upon you.* Go to, Go to, Gentlemen (ſays my Lord) you muſt not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courteſie than my Deſert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindneſs. After this Manner, *theſe*

Aſſes

Aſſes Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.

The old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there paſt juſt by us *a Lady of pleaſure*, of ſo Excellent a ſhape and Garb, that it was impoſſible to ſee her without a Paſſion for her, and no leſs impoſſible to look upon any thing elſe, ſo long as ſhe was to be ſeen. They that had ſeen her once, were to ſee her no more, for ſhe turn'd her face ſtill to *New-Comers*. Her Motion was graceful, and free. One while ſhe'd ſtare ye full in the eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to ſet it in better Order. By and by, ſhe'd ſteal a look at ye with one eye, and a ſide face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a *Witch* that's afraid to be known when ſhe comes from a *Catterwall*. And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and diſcovers the more Delicious Neck, and Breaſts, to adjuſt the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove ſome other Grievance that made her Ladyſhip uneaſie. Her Hair was moſt artificially diſpos'd into Careleſs Rings; And the beſt Red and White in Nature was in

her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not Exceed it. In a word, all she lookt upon was her own; and This was the Vision for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my old man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront, to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Hasle*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend (said I) *He that does not love a woman, sucks a Sow.* And questionless, He must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsome Woman? why, *what was she made for, but to be Lov'd?* And he that has Her, has all that's Lovely, or Desirable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions,

for

for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing ſo clear as her forhead? Or ſo black as her Eye brows? One would ſwear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk: and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To ſpeak all in little, ſhe's the Maſter-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praiſe, and Equal to our largeſt Deſires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old man cut me ſhort, and bad me make an end of my Diſcourſe, for thou art, ſaid He, a Man of *much wonder*, and *ſmall experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly*, and *Blindneſs*. Thou haſt thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain Enough to know either why they were given Thee, or How to Uſe them. Underſtand then that the *Office* of the *Eye* is to *ſee*, but 'tis the *Privilege* of the *Soul*, to *diſtinguiſh*, and *Chuſe*: whereas you either do the Contrary, or elſe Nothing, which is worſe. *He that truſts his Eyes, expoſes his Mind to a Thouſand Torments and Confuſions*: He ſhall take *Clouds*, for

Mountains; *Streight* for *Crooked*; *One Colour* for *Another*, by reaſon of an *Undue diſtance*, or an *indiſpos'd Medium*. We are not able ſometimes to ſay which way a River runs, till we throw in a twig, or ſtraw to find out the Current. And what will you ſay now, if this Prodigious Beauty, your new Miſtreſs, prove as Groſs a Cheat, and Impoſture, as any of the Reſt? She went to Bed laſt night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning ſhe comes forth in your Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, ſhe Hires all by the Day; and *if you did but ſee this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little elſe but Paint, and Plaiſter.* To begin her *Anatomy* at the *Head*. You muſt know that the *Hair* ſhe wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire-Woman*, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coaſt of *Naples*. Or if ſhe has any left, ſhe keeps it *private*, as a *Memorial* of her *Antiquity*. She is beholden to the *Pencil*, for her *Eye-Brows*, and *Complexion*. And upon the whole matter, ſhe is but *an old Picture, refreſht*. But the wonder is, to ſee a *Picture*, with *Life*, and

and *Motion*; unleſs perchance ſhe has got the *Necromancer's Receipt*, that made himſelf Young again in his *Glaſs-Bottle*. For all that you ſee of her that's *Good*, comes from *Diſtill'd Waters*, *Eſſences*, Powders, and the like; and to ſee the Waſhing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*, *Sweet-waters*, *Spaniſh-Pockets*, *Perfum'd-Drawers*; and all little Enough to qualify the *Poyſonous Whiff's* ſhe ſends from her *Toes*, and *Arm-Pits*, which would otherwiſe out-ſtink Ten thouſand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuſe but *Kiſs well*, for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oyl*, and *Greaſe*. And he that Embraces her, ſhall find the better half of her, the Taylors, and only a *ſtuffing of Cotton and Canvas, to ſupply the Defects of her Body*. When ſhe goes to Bed, *ſhe puts off one half of her Perſon with her Shooes*. What do ye think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confeſs your Errour and mend it: and know that (without more Deſcant upon this woman) 'tis the Deſign and Glory of moſt of the Sex to lead Silly Men Captive.

Nay

Nay *take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Accompt.* I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.

The end of the fifth Vision.

THE

THE SIXTH VISION OF HELL.

BEing one *Autumn*, at a Friend's houſe in the Countrey, (which was indeed a moſt delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park: where all my paſt Viſions came freſh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the wood: what impulſe carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or ſome higher Power, but ſo it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my ſelf a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the Pleaſanteſt Proſpect round about

about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm, and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Christal Rivolets; On the Other, with the whispering of the Trees; The Birds singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquility it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very Instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths*, issuing from One, and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the *right Hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so stony withal, that a man had all the Trouble in the world to get into't.

One

One might ſee however, the Prints and Marks of ſeveral Paſſengers, that had rubb'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them. Some we ſaw yet upon the way, preſſing forward, without ever ſo much as looking back; and theſe were all of them *Pale-fac'd*, *Lean*, *Thin*, and *Miſerably Mortify'd*. There was no paſſing for *Horſe-men*; and I was told that *St. Paul Himſelf* left his Horſe, when He went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beaſt to be ſeen. Neither Horſe, nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach, or Charret. Nor could I learn that any had paſt that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my ſelf of what I had ſeen, I ſpy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Reſting himſelf a little to take Breath; and I aſk'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road? His Anſwer was that there was no ſtopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For This (ſaid he) is the way to *Paradiſe*, and what ſhould they

they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so *few Passengers?* Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a *great Inn*, after which it is but one stage Either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withall, that it was time lost to linger in the way of Virtue, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to Curiosity, than Instruction. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his Flesh, and Sighing, and Groning at every step; and weeping as if he thought to soften the stones with his Tears. This is no way for me, thought I to my self; and no Company Neither; for they are a sort of *Beggarly*, *Morose people*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back and strook off into the left hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a World of *Brave Cavaliers! Guilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and *Handsome*, *Lively Lasses*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some *were Singing*,

Singing, and *Laughing*; Others *tickling One another*, and *Toying*; Some again, at their *Cheeſe-Cakes* and *China-Orenges*; Or appointing a Set at *Cards*: ſo that taking all together, I durſt have ſworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the Old ſaying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners*: and to ſave the Credit of my Education, I put my ſelf into the *Noble Mode*, and Jogg'd on. And there was I at the firſt Daſh up to the Ears, in *Balls*, *Plays*, *Maſcarades*, *Collations*, *Dalliances*, *Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other Rode, where folks went *barefoot*, and *Naked*, for want of *Shoo-makers*, and *Taylors*: for here were Enow, and to ſpare; Beſide *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Jewellers*, *Bodyes-makers*, *Perruque-makers*, *Milleners*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleaſure I took in my New Acquaintance; And yet there was now and then, ſome Juſtling and Diſorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Phyſicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that

that marcht in great Bodies before the *Judges*; and conteſted for Place. But the *Phyſicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Privilege*, to *Study*, *Practiſe*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poyſoning*; and to read *Lectures* of it in the *Univerſities*. While this point of Honour was in diſpute, I perceiv'd divers croſſing from one way to the Other, and changing of parties. Some of them ſtumbled, and Recover'd; Others fell down right. But the pleaſanteſt Gambole of all, was that of the *Vintners*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another; but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as faſt as they could. Thoſe that were in the *right hand way*, which was the way of *Paradiſe*, or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent ſport. *Prethee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes!* cryes one; *Hang him, Prick-Ear'd Cur*, ſays another; *Dam' me cryes a Third, if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy water*; *If the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found ſuch a Pack of Ill-lookt Raſcals*, ſayes Another.

Some

Some of them ſtopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third ſort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I obſerv'd a great many People afar off in a *Ey-path*: with as much *Contrition*, and *Devotion*, in their *Looks*, and *Geſtures* as ever I ſaw in Men. They walk'd *ſhaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their hands to Heaven*; and they had moſt of them *large Ears*, and to my thinking *Geneva-Bibles*. Theſe thought I, are a People of ſingular Integrity, and ſtrictneſs of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Faſting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and *other Holy Dutys*, which are the *Exerciſe* of *Good Chriſtians*, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation* to *theſe men*, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Siſters*,

that Kiſst the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to ſay; and undoubtedly, *ſome Womens Kiſſes* are worſe than *Judaſs'es*. For though *his Kiſs* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but This was *one Judas Kiſſing Another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Fleſh*, than of the *Spirit* in the Caſe. Some would be drawing a Thred now and then out of the Holy-man's Garment, to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a Mind to ſee them Naked. *Some again deſir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was juſt as much as if they had commended themſelves to the Devil by a Third Perſon.* Some pray'd for *good Matches* for their *Daughters*; *Others*, beg'd *Children* for *themſelves*: And *ſure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be ſo Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him.* In fine, theſe *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance impoſe upon the world, and Delude the Multitude; but no Maſk, or Diſguiſe

guiſe is proof againſt the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are I muſt confeſs many Religious, and Godly men, for whoſe Perſons and Prayers, I have a great Eſteem. But theſe are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their Hopes, and Ambition upon Popular applauſe, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weakneſs, and unworthineſs; their Failings; Yea and their Tranſgreſſions in the Market Place; All which is indeed but a *True Jeſt*; for they are really what they ſay, though they would not be thought ſo.

Theſe went apart, and were lookt upon to be *neither Fiſh nor Fleſh, nor Good Red Herring.* They wore the *Name* of *Chriſtians*; but they had neither the *wit*, nor the *honeſty* of *Pagans.* For *They* content themſelves with the Pleaſures of this Life, becauſe they know no better. But the *Hypocrite*, that's inſtructed both in the *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; *and takes more pains to be damn'd, then a Good Chriſtian does to Compaſs his Sal-*

vation. In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn*, and *Obstinate* went away by *Themselves*, for they would hear no Body that was wiser then themselves, but ran hudling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*. And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, travl'd along with them, *Principalities*, and *Commonwealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon *this Rode* too. And I saw one *full Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their adventures, How Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What wounds they receiv'd upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time, of Mutton, and Poultry. But all they said, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other.

Don't

Do'n't you remember, Sirrah, ſays one, *how we claw'd it away at ſuch a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you,* crys t'other, *when you were ſo drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd.* Theſe and ſuch as theſe were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon theſe Glorious *Rhodomontades*, certain generous Spirits from *the Right Hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of *Paſs ports*, *Teſtimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour, and if you were not Poultrons you would not quit it for fear of a Hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage Camerades; and be aſſur'd, that this Combat well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns ye for ever. Here, ye ſhall be ſure both of Pay, and reward, without caſting the Iſſue of all your Hazzards and Hopes upon the Empty Promiſes of Princes. How long will ye purſue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? And accuſtom your Ears, and Tongues to the*

Tragical out-cries of, Burn; No Quarter; Kill, or Dye. *It is not pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Trust to her, and shee'l not deceive ye. If it be the* War, *ye Love, Come to Us; Bear Arms on the right side, and wee'l find you work. Do not you know*, that *Man's Life is a Warfare? That the* World, *the* Flesh, *and the* Devil, *are Three Vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to put himself, but for one Minute out of his Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs, and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause; Wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The *Souldiers* heard all this with Exceeding Patience, and attention: But the Brand of *Cowardice* had such an effect upon them, that *without any more ado, like men of Honour, they presently quitted the Rode; Drew; and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we saw a great Troop of *Women*, upon *the High-way to Hell*, with their

their *Bags*; and their *fellows*, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and Juſtling one Another. On the *other ſide*; A number of *Good people*, that were almoſt at the End of their Journey, came over into *the wrong Rode*; for the *Right-hand way*, growing *Eaſier*, and *Wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *left hand*, on the Contrary, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their way, and ſo came in to *Us*; As many of *Ours*, went over to *Them*, upon the ſame Miſtake. Among the Reſt, I ſaw a great *Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*: which was to me ſo great a wonder, conſidering how ſhe had liv'd in the world, that I preſently look't about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a moſt Miſerable Pickle; and I did not know what deſign ſhe might Drive on, under that Diſguiſe; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Regiſter* at hand, though I miſt my Particular Aim, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for Granted that I was in my Ready way to *Heaven*.

But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Croſſes*, *Afflictions* and *Mortifications*, that Lye in the way to *Paradiſe*: And to Conſider, that there was Nothing of That upon *this Rode*: But on the Contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frollicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*: This I muſt confeſs, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witneſs* (cryes one) *that every day ſince I marry'd her has been a Faſting day to me*; *To Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellyes. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by Nakedneſs*; *for I have hardly allow'd my ſelf a Rag to my Back-ſide*; *or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty-Coats, and Jewels.* So that upon the matter, I perceive *an Unlucky hit with a Wife, gives a man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if He had ended his dayes at the Stake.*

The

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there*; *Make way for the Pothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil.* And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas easie to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any body so much as Dream't of *Hell*, all the way we went; and yet every body knew where they were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that? said I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to Reflect upon what I had left in the World, As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, *Mistresses*, and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them Posting after me. It gave me, me thought, some Comfort, that I should have so good

good Company; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be Capable of some Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils*, taking the Names of those that came in: and they ask't me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*; *These fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such shoals, as if Hell were made onely for Taylors. How many are they?* (said another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They must be more then a Hundred* says t'other, *if they be Taylors; for they never come under a Thousand, or Twelve hundred strong.* And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, *shall's let them in or no?* the poor *Prick-Lice* were damn'dly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: but in the End they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainely, said I, these folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menace

Menace for the Devils themſelves to refuſe to receive them: Thereupon a Huge, *Over grown, Club-footed, Crump-ſhoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a Deep Hole. Seeing ſuch a Monſter of a Devil, I aſkt him, how he came to be ſo deform'd. And he told me, he had ſpoyl'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylors*: for ſaid he, I have been formerly made uſe of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they ſave me that labour, and come ſo faſt of themſelves, that 'tis one Devils work to diſpoſe of them. While the word was yet ſpeaking, there came another Glut of them, and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me they made the beſt Fewel in Hell.

I paſs'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me ſtart to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceiv'd a fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoke* and *Flame*. Alas! Sir ſays he; *Have you forgotten your old Book ſeller in Popes-Head-Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I,

What?

What? *art thou here?* *Yes, Yes, Sir* (says he) *'tis e'en too true.* I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresie*, *Schisme*, and *Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (sayes He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman, when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Account for Other Men's works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of *Translations*, so *Dog-Cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Passable Doctor*, and every *Nasty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquay* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The seven Champions*; *or a piece of George Withers*. He would have talkt on, if a Devil had not stopt his Mouth with a Whiffe from a rowle of his own Papers, and Choak't him with the smoak on't. The Pastilent

Fume

Fume would have diſpatch't me too, if I had not got preſently out of the Reach on't. But I went my way, ſaying, this to my ſelf; If the *Book-ſeller* be thus Criminal, what will become of the *Author!*

I was diverted from this Meditation, by the ruful Grones, of a great many Souls that were *under the Laſh*, and the *Devil* Tyranniz'ing over them with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I aſkt what they were, and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* againſt the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their hands, and *ſetting up a Trade they had never ſerv'd to*, (which is directly Contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ.*) Well, ſaid I: But why are theſe tormented here? With that, an old Sowr-lookt *Coach-man* took the anſwer out of the Devil's Mouth, and told me; that it was *becauſe they came to Hell a Horſeback*, which they pretended, was a Priviledge that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak truth, and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honeſt Confeſſion here. Say, Sirrah,

Sirrah, *how many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you ſtood pimping at Marybone? How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all private, ſince you firſt ſet up this Scandalous Trade?* There was a *Coach-man* by, that had ſerv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Maſter* to fetch a Raſcal out of *Hell*, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow ſtand upon his Points, and ask the Devil, how he durſt give that Language to ſo Honourable a Profeſſion: for (ſays he) *who wears better Clothes than your Coach-men? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as ſo many Phaetons? Have not our Maſters reaſon to be good to us, when their Necks are at ſtake, and their Lives at our Mercy?* Nay, *we govern thoſe, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is almoſt in as much Danger of his Coach-man as of his Phyſician. And there are that underſtand it too, and Themſelves, and Us; and that will not ſtick to truſt their Coach-men as far as they would do their Con-*

Confeſſors. There's no Abſurdity in the Compariſon; for *if They know ſome of their Privacies, we know more*; yes, and perhaps more than Wee'l ſpeak of. What have we here to do? cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his heart with Laughing. *A Coach-man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures*? An *Orator* inſtead of a *Waggoner*? The ſlave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now hee'l never have done. No, why ſhould he? (ſays another that had ſerv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the beſt Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm ſure *we bring you good Commodity, well packt; well Condition'd; well perfum'd; Right, Neat* and *Clean*: Not like your *City-ware* that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet *every Daggle-Tayl'd Wench*, and *Skip-Kennel*, ſhall be better us'd than *We*. Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! If we had done as much for ſome-body elſe, as we have done for you, we ſhould not have been now to ſeek for our Wages. When you have nothing elſe to ſay, you tell me that

I am puniſht for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gowty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Maſs*; or *ſome ſtragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloiſter*: Which is a Damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play houſes*, *Bawdy-houſes*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or elſe at the *Tour à la Mode*, where there was ſtill appointed ſome *after-Meeting*; to treat of certain affairs, that highly Import the Intereſt and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my *Miſtreſs* ſometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it ſignify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for *all her buſineſs there*, *was to meet her Gallant*, *and to agree when they ſhould meet next*; *according to the way of Devotion now in Mode*. To conclude; it is moſt certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had ſo much as a *Good Thought*. And this was ſo well known, that *it was all one, to ask*, *If a Lady were a Maid*; *or if ſhe had ever been in my Coach*. If it appear'd ſhe had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to truſt to. And after all this,

ye,

ye have made us a fair Requital. With That the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or ſix Twinging Jerks, half flay'd the poor *Coach-man*; ſo that I was e'en glad to Retire; in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my ſelf*; for *the Currying of a Coach-man, is little better than the turning up of a Dunghil.*

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *ſhudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my head.* I askt the Meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortify'd*; and told me that That Quarter was allotted to the *Buffons* and *Drolls*, which are a people (ſays he) of ſo ſtarv'd a Conceipt, and ſo cold a Diſcourſe, that we are fain to Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they ſhould ſpoil the Temper of our Fire. I aſkt if a man might ſee them. The Devil told me Yes, and ſhew'd me one of the lewdeſt Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One Another, and nothing but the ſame fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon

Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty, and Honour:* which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree.* But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing* it. You must know, they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloth laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble, in Tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That was a *wicked*, and a *Partial Judge*: and all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when *he could have broke the Neck of two Honest Causes, and He put them only out of Joynt.* That good-fellow there, was a *Careless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons.* He sold his *Wives Portion*, *Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and

and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity*. *That Lady* there (though a great One) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *She* does with her *Body*, and *ſeaſons it to all appetites*. In a word, you ſhall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are men and women: for the whole world is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting*, and there are more *Natural Buffons*, than *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I ſaw a matter of a Thouſand Devils following a *Drove* of *Paſtry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they paſs'd along, with *Iron Peels*. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Fleſh* ſhould be laid to our charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent*, *Naſty Raſcals* (quoth a Devil) *who has deſerv'd Hell, if they have not?* How many thouſand men have theſe ſlovens poyſon'd, with the *Greaſe* of their *Heads*, and *Tails*, inſtead of *Mutton-Sewet?* with *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow*; and *Flies*

for *Currants?* How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Layſtals* with the *Dogs-fleſh*, *Horſe-fleſh* and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do theſe Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their ſufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps, (ſays he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormenters. And for your Part (ſays he, to *me*, with a ſowr Look) becauſe you are a ſtranger, you may go about your Buſineſs; but *we have a Crow to pluck with theſe fellows, before we part.*

I went next, down a pair of ſtairs into a huge Cellar, where I ſaw men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over-ſold; I never ſold but at Conſcionable Rates, why am I puniſht* thus? I durſt have ſworn it had been *Judas*, but going nearer to him, to ſee if He had a *Red head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long ſince. How now, old *Martin*, (ſaid I) art thou there? He was *dogged*, becauſe I did not call him *Sir*, and made no anſwer. I ſaw his Grief, and told him

him how much he was to blame, to cheriſh that *Vanity* even in *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do ye think on't now (ſaid I) *Had not you better have traded in* Blacks *than* Chriſtians? *Had not you better have contented your ſelf with a Little, honeſtly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Eſtate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather than to the Devil on horſe-back?* My Friend was as Mute as a Fiſh; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a *Devil in Office* took up the diſcourſe. *Theſe Pick-Pocket Rogues*, (ſays he) *Did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Meaſures, in Secula Seculorum?* Methinks, the Blinking, and *falſe lights* of their *ſhops* ſhould have Minded them of their *Quarter*, in *the Other World*, aforehand. And 'tis all a Caſe, with *Jewellers*, *Goldſmiths*, and *Other Trades*, that ſerve only to *Flatter* and *Bolſter* up the World in *Luxury*, and *Folly*. But if people would be wiſe, theſe Youths ſhould have little Enough to do. For what's their *Cloth of Gold, and Silver*, their *Silks*, their *Diamond*,

and *Pearl*, (which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness*, and *Superfluity*? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruine ye Insensibly, under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd; your Goods Seiz'd; and your Estates Extended. And *they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talkt on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up on one side of me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was; for 'twas a strange thing, me thought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two men upon a Scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as lowd as they could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in his hand, display'd, with Divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took

took the *Writing* for a *Pardon*, or *Reprieve*. At every word they ſpoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thouſand Devils burſt out a Laughing, as they would have crackt their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be ſome *Jack-pudding*, or *Mountebank*, ſhewing his Tricks, or his Atteſtations; with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Miſtake; and that the Devils Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At laſt, I perceiv'd that this great Earneſtneſs of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themſelves paſt for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Teſtimonial* from the *Heralds-Office*, to that Purpoſe. My Father (ſays he with the Writing in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majeſty in many Honourable Occaſions of *Watching*, and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow ſpeak to the Conſtable, at all hours of the Night. My Uncle was the firſt man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard:* And we have had *five brave Commanders* of *our Family*, by my Father's ſide, that have ſerv'd the State

in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair accompt of all the Prisoners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended; For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I'm sure I tell you Nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place, for he was a *Deputy Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend; (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a *Sword*, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing-School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and infamous Life, and spent your time in Whoring, Drinking,

Blas-

Blaſpheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility?* Your *Teſtimonials*; and *the Seat of the Office?* A Fart for your *Privileges, Teſtimonials, Office and all. There is no honour, but Vertue.* And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, ſhould come to do honourable and worthy things, we ſhould look upon them as Perſons Sacred, and not dare to Meddle with them. But Talking is Time loſt; You were ever a Couple of Pitiful fellows, and your Tayls ſcarce worth the Scalding. *Have at ye,* (ſays he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar He gave him ſuch a Salute over the Buttocks, that He took two or three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at laſt into the Common ſhore; where never any man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had ſeen him Cut that Caper; This Uſage (ſays he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: but for a *Cavalier* of *my Extraction*, and *Profeſſion*, I ſuppoſe you'l Treat him with ſomewhat more of

of *Civility*, and *Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Camerade, for ought I know, for *we find very few ancient Families, that had not some Oppressour or Usurper, for their Founder*; and they are commonly continued by the same means, they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Accompt of their *Violence*, and *Injustice*? Their Subjects, and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard services, and Rackt Rents, are they not Worse then slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit; A Handsome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay* in *foul Language*, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any regard of Laws either Sacred or Prophane. What

Damn'd

Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of, to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, Upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all people below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or Worse. As if Humane Bloud were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the world the Common way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the Meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges, and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or Their Princes Honour, fall to spoil and Pillage? Cousening the State with false Musters, and the Souldiers of their Pay; and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their due from the People; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourers Mouths, to fill their own Bellies,

lies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages Imaginable. And when the poor Souldier comes at last to be dismist, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *High way* to keep him from starving. What Mischief is there in the world, that these men are not the Cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this day in the Hospital, for trusting to their Oaths and Promises, and becoming bound for them, for vast sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury, and Ryot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, my Friend (said he) your Morals are very Good, but yet with your Favour, all men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring,* (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*, and if you had been any better than your fellows,

you

you had never been ſent hither. But if you are indeed ſo Noble, as you ſay, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'twere but for your *Aſhes*. And that you may have no Cauſe of Complaint, you ſhall ſee, Wee'l treat you like a perſon of your Condition. And in that Inſtant, Two Devils preſented themſelves; the one of them Bridled, and Sadled; and the other, doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrop, with his left hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the Other. Which was no ſooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I aſkt the Devil then into what Countrey he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: for 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to ſend the Nobility to Hell, *a Horſe-back*. Look on that ſide now, ſays he, and ſo I did; and There I ſaw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the firſt Inventers of Nobility, and Arms: As *Cain*; *Cham*; *Nimrod*; *Eſau*; *Romulus*; *Tarquin*; *Nero*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*; *Heliogabalus*; and a world of other brave fellows, that had made themſelves famous by Uſurpation, and Blood. The

Place

Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyer; but I find now that He can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy, Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me that the Lake was stor'd with *Donegnas*, or *Governantes*, which are turned into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering, and Croaking. Me thought, the Conversion was apt enough; for they are Neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; And only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are Enough to turn a very good Stomack. I could not but Laugh, to see how

how they Gaped, and ſtretcht out their Legs as they ſwam, and ſtill as we came Neer, They'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to ſtay in, there was ſo Noyſome a Vapour; and ſo I ſtrook off, upon the Left-Hand; where I ſaw a Number of old men, beating their Breaſts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Grones, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to ſee them, and I aſkt what they were: Anſwer was made, that I was now in the Quarter of *the Fathers that damn'd themſelves, to raiſe their Poſterity*; which were called by ſome, *The Unadviſed.* Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) The greateſt Penitent that ever liv'd, never ſuffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have *Watch'd*; I have *Faſted*; I have ſcarce had any *Clothes* to my *Back*; My whole Life has been a Reſtleſs Courſe of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*: and all This, to get *Money* for my *Children*; that I might ſee them *well Marry'd*; *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them ſome other Preferment in the World: ſtarving my ſelf in the Concluſion, rather than I would leſſen the Provi-

Proviſion, I had made for my Poſterity. And yet Notwithſtanding this my fatherly care, I was ſcarce ſooner Dead, than forgotten: and my *Next Heir* bury'd me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without ſo much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul: as if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, The *Prodigals* are now *ſquandering*, and *conſuming* that *Eſtate*, in *gaming*, *whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had ſcraped together by ſo much *Induſtry*, *Vexation* and *Oppreſſion*, and for which I ſuffer at this Inſtant ſuch *Inſupportable Torments*. This ſhould have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for ſure you have heard of the Old ſaying, *Happy is the Child whoſe Father goes to the Devil*. At which word, the *Old Miſers* brake out into freſh Rage, and Lamentation, Tearing their Fleſh, with Tooth and Nayl, in ſo ruful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A Little further, there was a *Dark*, *Hideous Priſon*, where I heard the *Clattering* of *Chains*; the *Crackling* of *Flames*;

Flames; the *Slapping of Whips*; and a confused *out-cry* of *Complaints*. I ask't what Quarter this was; and they told me it was the Quarter of the *Oh that I had's!* What are those said I? Answer was made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots, so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages, and Omissions, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these *late Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Base Court, and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths, *God is Merciful, and will Pardon me.* How can this be, (said I) that these people should be *Damn'd?* When *Condemna-*

tion is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy*; I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their Mouths. And to Explain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways, in spight of Reproof, and Good Counsel: and still this is their Answer; *God is Merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please; so long as they persist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for *every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy.* But This I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent; and they that have the most

of

of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Hearts*: And 'tis a great aggravation of Guilt, to Sin the more, in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is True that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it, which is no wonder, since No man of himself can deserve it: But men are so Negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off, to the last, which should have been the first part of their bus'ness; and many times their Life is at End, before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next, to a Noysom Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoke*, intermixt with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have posed the subtilest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black*, and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with Little *Horns*, that it look't

at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women* and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds*, (said He) they are all over Hell, without any Certain Quarter, or Station; and in Truth, 'tis no easie matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*, for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wives favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the world. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, then needs must; but upon all Occasions, we either Fly, or Face them: for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'Tis ten to one but we get a Hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tayls, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o're the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do: and yet the Jades will be perfecuting us with their Passions; and *ye shall have a Band of five and fifty, do ye all the Gamboles of a Girl of fifteen.* And yet after all this, *There's not an Old*

Woman

Women in Hell; for let her be *as old as Pauls*; *Bald, Blind, Toothleſs, Wrinckled, Decrepit: This is not long of her Age*, ſhee'l tell you; *but a terrible fit of ſickneſs laſt year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her ſo low, that ſhe has not yet recover'd her fleſh again. She loſt her* Eyes *by a hot Rheum: and utterly ſpoil'd her* Teeth *with Cracking of Peach-ſtones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when ſhe was a Maid.* And when the Weight of her Years has almoſt brought both Ends together, 'Tis nothing ſhee'l tell ye but a Crick ſhe has got in her Back: *And though ſhe might recover her Youth again, by confeſſing her Age, ſhee'l never acknowledge it.*

My next encounter was, a Number of People making their mone, that they had been taken away by *ſudden Death.* That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) ſaving this Gentleman's preſence) for *no man dyes ſuddenly Death ſurprizes no man, but gives all men ſufficient warning, and Notice.* I was much taken with the Devils Civility, and Diſcourſe; which he purſu'd after this manner. *Do ye complain* (ſays he) *of*

ſudden Death? that have carry'd Death about ye, ever ſince you were Born; That have been entertain'd with daily Spectacles of Carkaſſes and Funerals; That have heard ſo many Sermons upon the ſubject; and read ſo many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; Your Woods, and your Houſes decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies ſhould be Immortal. What are the Common Accidents and Diſeaſes of Life, but ſo many warnings to provide your ſelf for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your Daily Food, and Nouriſhment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of Other Creatures. And you have the Lively Picture of it, every night for your Bedfellow. With what Face then can you Charge your Misfortunes upon ſudden Death? that have ſpent your whole Life, both at Bed, and at Board, among ſo many Remembrances of your Mortality. No, No; change your ſtile, and hereafter confeſs your ſelves to have been *Careleſs* and *Incredulous. You Dye, thinking*

you

you are not to Dye yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one End of your Life to the Other, without Diſtinguiſhing of Perſons, or Ages: Sex, or Quality: and whether it finds ye Well, or Ill doing; As the Tree falls, ſo it Lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I ſaw a great many Souls that were put up in *Gally-Pots*, with *Aſſa fœtida*, *Galbanum*, and a Company of *Naſty Oyls* that ſerved them for *Syrrup*. What a Damn'd ſtink is here (Cry'd I, ſtopping my Noſe) We are now come undoubtedly to *the Devil's houſe of Office*; No, No, (ſaid the Tormenter) which was a kind of a Yellowiſh Complexion'd Devil) 'Tis a Confection of *Apothecaries. A ſort of people, that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be ſaved.* To give them their due; Theſe are your only *True*, and *Chymical Philoſophers*; and worth a thouſand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber Ruſpicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows; 'Tis true, they have written fine things of *the Tranſmutation* of *Mettals*; but did they

ever *make* any *Gold?* Or if they did, We have loſt the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a Little *Puddle-water*; *a Bundle of Rotten ſticks*; *a Box of Flies*; Nay out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir Reverence it ſelf*, will fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for the Market; which is more then all your *Philoſophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* ſo *Poyſonous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *ſtone* ſo *dry*, (ſuppoſe the *Pumice* it ſelf) but they'l draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *words*, 'tis Impoſſible to make up any word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'l ſhew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any's in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth of a Flying Toad*; they'l tell ye, yes, ye may have of it, in *powder*. Or if you had rather have the Infuſion of *a Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eeles Milk*, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any Money ſtirring, you ſhall have what you will, though there be no ſuch thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants, and ſtones of the

the Creation, had their ſeveral powers and Vertues given them, only for the *Apothecaries* ſakes; and as if *Words* themſelves had been only made for their advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but inſtead of That, I pray'e call them *Armorers*; and their *Shops Arſenals*; Are not their *Medicines* as *Certain Death*, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Muſquets*? while their Patients are Purg'd and Blouded into the other World, without any regard either to Diſtemper, Meaſure or Seaſon.

If you will now ſee the Pleaſanteſt ſight you have ſeen yet, walk but up theſe two ſteps, and you ſhall ſee a *Jury* (or Conſpiracy) *of Barber-Surgeons, ſitting upon Life and Death.* You muſt think that any Divertiſement there was welcome, ſo that I went up, and found it in Truth a very pleaſant Spectacle. Theſe *Barbers* were moſt of them Chain'd by the Middle; their *Hands* at Liberty; and Every one of them, a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his knees a *Cheſs-board*: and ſtill as he reacht to have a Touch at the *Cittern*, the Inſtrument Vaniſht; and

ſo

so did the *Chess-bord*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues, for a *Cittern is as natural to a Barber, as Milk to a Calf*. Some of them were washing of Asses Brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes* to make them *White*.

When I had laught my Fill at these fooleries, my next Discovery was, of a great many people, Grumbling and Muttering, that There was no Body look't after them; No not so much as to torment them; *as if their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting, as their Neighbours*. Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and Execute the Office of *Tormenters*. This made me ask what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do Nothing aright. And their Grievance was that they were Quarter'd by Themselves; but not knowing whether they were Men or No; or indeed what else

to

to make of them, we did not know how to Match them, or in what Company to put them. In the world they are lookt upon as *Ill Omens*; And let any man meet one of them, upon a Journey in a Morning, Faſting; 'tis the ſame thing as if a Hare had croſs't the way upon him; He preſently turns head in a Diſcontent, and goes to bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Miſtake, in killing *Another*, for *Porſenna* (the *Secretary*, for the *Prince*) burnt his *Right-hand* in Revenge of the Miſcarriage: Now the ſeverity of the Vengeance, was not ſo much the Maiming or the Cripling of Himſelf, but the Condemning of himſelf to be for ever *Left-handed*. And ſo 'tis with a Malefactor that ſuffers Juſtice; The Shame and Puniſhment, does not lye ſo much in the Loſs of his *Right-hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curſe of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vex'd her, *That he might go to the Devil by the ſtroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets ſpeak Truth, (as 'twere a Wonder if they ſhould not) The *Left* is the *Unlucky ſide*; and there never

never came any good from it. And for my laſt argument againſt theſe Creatures; the *Goats*, and *Reprobates* ſtand upon the *Left hand*: and *Left-handed men* are, in Effect, a ſort of Creature that's made to do Miſchief; Nay whether I ſhould call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil becken'd me to come ſoftly to him; and ſo I did, without a word ſpeaking of the leaſt Noiſe in the World. Now (ſays he) if you'l ſee the Daily Exerciſe of *Ill-favour'd Women*, look through that *Lattice-Window*. And there I ſaw ſuch a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have bleſt your ſelf. Some, with their *faces* ſo *pounced*, and *ſpeckled*, as if they had been *ſcarify'd*, and newly paſt the *Cupping-Glaſs*; with a world of little *Plaiſters*, *long*, *round*, *ſquare*; and briefly, cut out into ſuch Variety, that it would have poſed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; and you would have ſworn that they had been either at *Catts-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others, were *ſcraping their Faces with pieces of Glaſs*; *tearing up their Eye-*

brows

brows by the Roots, like Mad: And ſome that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black Boxes*, ſuch as they could get, or make. Others were *powd'ring*, and *curling* their *falſe Locks*; or faſt'ning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony Ones*. Some were *Chewing Lemmon pill*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance *a foul Breath*; and raiſing themſelves upon their *Cioppines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the Deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking-Glaſſes*, for ſhewing them ſuch *Hags-Faces*: and curſing *the State of Venice* for Entertaining no Better *workmen*. Some were *ſtuffing* out their *Bodies*, like *Pack-ſaddles*, to cover ſecret Deformities: and ſome again had ſo many Hoods over their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that I could hardly diſcern what they were; and Theſe paſt for *Penitents*. Others, with their Pots of *Hogs-greaſe*, and *Pomatum*, were *ſleeking*, and *poliſhing* their faces, and indeed their *fore-heads* were *bright* and *ſhining*, though there were neither *Suns*, nor *Stars*, in *That Firmament*. Some there were (in Fine) that would

would have fetcht a mans Guts up at's mouth, to see them with their *Masques of After-Birth*; and with their *Menstruous Slibber Slobbers*, dawbing one another to take away the *heats*, and *Bubos*. Nasty and abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Woman's Wit, and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self; and then (said I) if I may deal freely without Offence; I dare Defie all the Devils in Hell, to outdo these Women. But pray e let's be gone, for the sight of them, makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was *a Fellow* sitting in a *Chair*, *all alone*; never a *Devil* near him; No *Fire*, or *Frost*; No *Heat*, or *Cold*; or any thing else, that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and Roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell: Tearing his Flesh, and Beating his Body, like a Bedlam; and his Heart, all the while, Bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought

thought I what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body Hurts him! So I went up to Him; Friend (ſaid I) what's the meaning of all this Fury, and Tranſport? for, ſo far as I can ſee, there's nothing to trouble you. *No, no,* (ſays he with a Horrid Out-cry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage, and Deſpair) *you do not ſee my Tormentors; but the all-ſearching Eye of the Almighty ſees my Pains, as well as my Tranſgreſſions, and with a ſevere, and Implacable Juſtice, has condemn'd me to laſſer Puniſhments anſwerable to my Crimes.* (Which Words He utter'd with redoubled Clamours) *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conſcience. My* Memory *ſerves me inſtead of a Cruel Devil. The* Remembrance *of the Good I ſhould have done, and Omitted; And of the Ill, I ſhould have done, and did. The* Remembrance *of the wholeſome Counſels I have rejected, and of the Ill example I have given. And for the Aggravation of my Miſery; where my* Memory *leaves afflicting me, my* underſtanding *begins: ſhewing me the Glo-*

ries,

ries, and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gain'd Heaven, with less Anxiety, and Pain than I have endur'd, to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to exflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moments Interval of Ease, without obtaining any, for my Will *is also as Inexorable, as either my* Memory *or my* Understanding. *And These* (my Friend of the other World) *are the Three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has converted into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into Three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission, or Respite; The Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment, and Entertainment.* At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; *Mortal* (says he) *learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury, or misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are*

Damn'd

Damn'd even above ground; and ſo He return'd to his Uſual Clamours. Upon this, I left him, miſerably ſad and penſive. Well, thought I, what a weight of ſin lies upon this Creatures Conſcience! Whereupon the Devil obſerving me in a Muſe, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an *Atheiſt*, and believ'd neither *God*, nor *Devil*. *Deliver me* then, ſaid I, *from that Unſanctify'd Wiſdom, that ſerves us only for our further Condemnation.*

I was gone but a ſtep or two aſide, and I ſaw a world of people running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers: and before them, marcht Certain Officers, making *Proclamation* of their *Sentence*, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine Juſtice hath appointed this Puniſhment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill examples to their Neighbors.* And at the ſame time, ſeveral of the Damn'd laid their ſins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that *'twas long of them they were thus Tormented.* So that *the Scandalous were*

puniſh't both for their own Sins, and for the offences of thoſe they had miſled to their Deſtruction. And theſe are they of whom 'tis ſaid, that *they had better never have been born.*

My very Soul was full of Anguiſh, to ſee ſo many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but ſmile, to ſee the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Priſ'ners upon Parole.* I ask't how they came by that Privilege; and a Devil told me; there was no need of ſhackling them, or ſo much as ſhutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a 'ſcape, that took ſo much pains in the World, and made it their whole Buſineſs to come thither. Only, ſays he; if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well enough. But if you would ſee ſomewhat worth the while, leave theſe fellows, and follow me; and I'le ſhew ye *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards*, and *Purſe-bearers*: ſo I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas*, and *his Companions*, who had no *Faces*, divers

divers of them, and moſt of them *no Foreheads.*

I was well enough pleas'd to ſee him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever Phanſied him to be a kind of *an Olive-colour'd Tawny Complexion'd fellow*, without a *Beard*; and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: which perhaps (nay probably) He was; for nothing but a *Capon'd*, *a Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of ſo Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to ſell, and betray his Maſter, with a Kiſs; and after That, ſo Cowardly, as to hang himſelf in deſpair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church ſays of him, That He had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red Head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair; and they are for the moſt part *wrinkled*, and *Baker-legg'd.*

Judas was beſet with a Great many *Money-mongers*, and *Purſe-bearers*, that were telling him ſtories of the Pranks

they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vultur* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it; a Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (me thought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting: *Thou Perfidious*, *Impudent*, *Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price*, *like an Avaritious Rascal*. If men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity, or Commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is Mine, that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit I have procured to others.

Some

Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take *me* for the *only Judas?* No, no. There have been many since the Death of my Master, and there are at this Day, more wicked, and ungrateful, Ten thousand times than my self; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell him*, Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Ointment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to *the selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My *Repentance*, now signifies Nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's condemn'd for* Selling; *All the rest are damn'd for* Buying: And I must entreat you, to have a better Opinion of me, for if you'l look but a little lower here, you'l find people a Thousand times worse than my self. With-

draw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and There, I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *handsom Lasses*, *stark naked*, and driving them out of Hell (which me thought was pity, and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup-Leathers*, they disciplin'd a *Litter of Bawds*. I could not imagine why These, of all others, should be expell'd the place, and askt the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *These* are our *Factresses* in the *world*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*, and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us very good service. Nay; for fear any of our Good Friends should tire upon the Rode, they send them to us on *horse-back*, or bring them themselves,

ſelves, e'en to the very Gates, leſt they ſhould miſs their way.

Purſuing my journey, I ſaw, a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (me thought) like ſome *Enchanted Caſtle*, or the *Picture of Ill luck:* It was all ruinous, the *Chimneys* down, the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* ſtanding: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel-heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glaſs* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* ſupply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at firſt but the houſe was forſaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwiſe, by a horrible confuſion of tongues and noiſes within it. As I came juſt up to the door; one open'd it, and I ſaw in the houſe many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftieſt Jades in the Pack, placed her ſelf preſently upon the Threſhold, and made her addreſs to my Guide and me. Gentlemen, ſays ſhe, *how comes it to paſs, I pray'e, that people are damn'd both for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and we are condemn'd for *giving* what

is our own. I do not find, truly, any injuſtice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point, and ſent the Wench to *Counſel learned in the Law*, for a reſolution in the Caſe. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me inquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it poſſible, (ſaid I) that you ſhould have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have ſeen ſo much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occaſion for a *Scrivener*, and made a ſearch for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then? (ſaid I) what, are they all ſav'd? No, no (cry'd the Devil) but you muſt underſtand, that they do not *foot* it hither, as other Mortals; but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild-geeſe*, ſo that 'tis no wonder you ſee none of them upon the way. We have *millions* of them, but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly *rank-wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt

Earth

Earth and *Hell.* But if there be ſo many (ſaid I) how comes it we ſee none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries, or Scriveners,* but *Cats:* and they are ſo good *Mouſers,* that though this place is large, old, and ruinous; yet you ſee not ſo much as a *Rat* or a *Mouſe* in *Hell:* how full ſoever of all other ſorts of *Vermine.* Now ye talk of *Vermine* (ſaid I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No not one (ſays he.) How ſo (quoth I?) when I dare undertake *there are five hundred Rogues of the Trade for one that's ought.* The Reaſon is (ſays the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth,* carries a *Hell* in's *Boſom.* You have ſtill (ſaid I, croſſing my ſelf) an aking tooth at thoſe poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and ſo damn'dly verſt in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of loſing our places, and that his Infernal Majeſty ſhould take theſe Raſcals into his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I ſaw a little way off, a great enclo-

ſure,

ſure, and a world of Souls ſhut up in't; ſome of them weeping and lamenting without meaſure, others in a profound ſilence. And this I underſtood to be the *Lovers Quarter.* It ſadn'd me to conſider, that Death it ſelf could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were diſcourſing their paſſions, and teazing themſelves with *Fears* and *Jealouſies*; caſting all their miſeries upon their *appetites* and *phanſies*, that ſtill made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Perſon.* They were for the moſt part troubled with a ſimple Diſeaſe, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I Thought.* I askt him what that was, and he anſwer'd me, it was a Puniſhment ſuitable to their offence: for your Lovers, when they fall ſhort of their Expectations, either in the purſuit, or enjoyment of their Miſtreſſes, they are wont to ſay, Alas! *I thought* ſhe would have lov'd me: *I thought* ſhe would never have preſt me to marry her: *I thought* ſhe would have been a Fortune to me: *I Thought* ſhe would have given me all ſhe had; *I Thought* ſhe would have coſt me nothing: *I Thought* ſhe would have

askt

askt me nothing: *I thought* ſhe would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* ſhe would have bin dutiful and modeſt: *I thought* ſhe would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an odd kind of *Embroidery:* but whether it was the workmanſhip of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Meaſles*, I could not perfectly diſcover; and cloſe by him was this Inſcription.

Many a good Fortune goes to wrack;
And ſo does many an able Back;
With following Whores & Cards and Dice,
Were Pox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.

Aha! (ſaid I) by theſe *Rimes* methinks the *Poets* ſhould not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I diſcovered millions of them through a *Park Pale*, and ſo I ſtopt to look upon them. (It ſeems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*)

Fools) One of them shew'd me the *Women's Quarter* there hard by, and askt me what I thought of it, and of the *handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxome Lass* is a kind of *half-Chamber-maid* to a *man*? when she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any further about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now (said I?) have ye your Quirks and Conceipts in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first Inventer of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damn'd trade of *Versifying*
Has brought us all to Hell for *lying!*
For writing what we do not think;
Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink*.

For

For rather then abuſe the meeter,
Black ſhall be *White*, *Paul* ſhall be *Peter*.
One time I call'd a *Lady Whore*;
Which in my Soul ſhe was no more
Than I am; a brave Laſs, no Beggar,
And *true*, *as ever man laid leg o're*.
Not out of *malice*, *Jove's* my witneſs,
But meerly for the Verſes *fitneſs*.
Now we're all made, ſaid I, if *luck hold*,
And then I call'd a fellow *Cuckold*;
Though the *Wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a Wench as ever twang'd.
I was once plaguely put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At laſt, I *circumcis'd* ('tis true)
A *Chriſtian*, and *baptiz'd* a *Jew*.
Nay I've made *Herod Innocent*
For Riming to *Long-Parliament*:
Now to conclude, we are all *damn'd* ho,
For nothing but a game at *Cramho*.
And for a little jingling pleaſure,
Condemn'd to Torments without meaſure:
Which is a little hard in my ſenſe,
To fry thus for *Poetick Licence*.
'Tis not for ſin of *Thought* or *Deed*,
But for bare *ſounds*, and *words* we bleed:

While

While the Cur *Cerberus* lies *growling*
In conſort with our *Catterwowling*.

So ſoon as he had done; There is not in the world (ſaid I) a more ridiculous *phrenſie*, than yours, to be *poetizing* in *Hell*. The humour ſticks cloſe ſure, or the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay (cry'd a Devil) theſe *Verſifiers* are a ſtrange Generation of *Buffons*. The time that others ſpend in *Tears* and *Groans* for their *ſins* and *follies*; theſe Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a ſnap at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unleſs the whole Kingdom ring of it, in ſome miſerable Sing-Song or other, under the name forſooth of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*, or the like: and the goodly Idol muſt be deckt and dreſt up with *Diamond*, *Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Muſque*, and *Amber*, and both the *Indies* are too little to furniſh *Eyes*, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Imaginary Goddeſs*. And yet after all this *magnificence* and bounty, it would put the poor Devil's credit upon the ſtretch, to take up an *Old Petty-coat* in *Long-Lane*,

Lane, or a pair of *Caſt-ſhooes*, at the next *Coblers*. Beſide; we can give no Account either of their *Countrey*, or *Religion*. They have *Chriſtian Names*, but moſt *Heretical Souls*; They are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*: and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to ſay the Truth, they fall ſhort of the *right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I ſtay here a little longer, (ſaid I to my ſelf) This ſpiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Diſcover'd, I went my way, and my Next Viſit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*; whoſe very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! what *Sighing* was there, and *Sobbing*! *Groaning*, and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were ty'd up to a *perpetual ſilence*; Their *Souls*, *Drooping*, and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous cryes and Reproaches of a wheaſing Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and Profane Abuſers of Prayer, and Holy Duties! that treat *the Lord of Heaven and*

and Earth in His own Houſe, with *leſs reſpect* than ye would do a *Merchant* upon the *Change*, ſneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any ſcruple at all, ye can Expoſe, and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! ſhameleſs Wretches that ye are! *Lord*, (ſays one) *take the Old man, my Father, to thy ſelf, I beſeech Thee, that I may have his Office and Eſtate. Oh, That this Uncle of mine would but march off!* There's a *Fat Biſhoprick*, and a good *Deanery*; *I would the Devil had the Incumbent ſo I had the Dignity.* Now for a luſty *Pot* of *Guinneys*, or a *Lucky hand at Dice* if it be thy pleaſure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. *Lord, make me his Majeſties Favourite* and *Thy Servant*; *that I may get what's Convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my ſelf, to entertain ſix Blew-Coats, and Bind them out to good Trades; To ſet up a Lecture for every day of the Week; to give one Third part of my clear gains to Charitable Uſes; and another,*

another, toward the Repairing of Pauls; *and to pay all honeſt Debts, ſo far as may ſtand with my Private Convenience.* Blind and Ridiculous Madneſs! for *Duſt and Aſhes* thus to *reaſon* and *Condition* with the *Almighty!* for *Beggars* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their Vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the Inexhauſtible Fountain of Riches and Bounty! To Pray for Thoſe things as *Bleſſings*, which are commonly ſhowr'd down upon us for our *Confuſion* and Puniſhment. And when in Caſe your Wiſhes take effect; what becomes of all the Sacred Vows and Promiſes ye made, in *ſtorms*, (perhaps) *Sickneſs* or *Adverſity?* ſo ſoon as ye have *gain'd* your *Port*, *recover'd* your *Health*; or *Patch'd up* a *Broken Fortune*, you ſhew your ſelves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats; Your *Vows*, and *Promiſes*, are not worth ſo many *Ruſhes:* They are forgotten with your Dreams; and *to keep a Promiſe upon Devotion, that you made out of Neceſſity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conſcience? Encreaſe of Grace? The aid of the Bleſſed Spirit?*

But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider, that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Obligations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind*, *an humble Spirit*, and a *Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Visited; for by *Adversity*, they are brought to the Knowledg, and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. Put Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant? since it fails you at last; because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way

way while you were living: They'l live after your Example when you are Dead. And beſide; there's no Merit in the Caſe. At this word ſome of the poor Creatures were about to Reply; but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips, that Hindred them.

From thence, I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*; ſuch as pretend to cure Man and Beaſt by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, *Characters*: and Theſe were all burning alive. Theſe (ſays a Devil) are a Company of Couſening Rogues; the moſt accurſed Villains in Nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the Diſeaſe from a *worſe* to a *Better*: And yet there's no great Clamour againſt them neither; for if the Patient recover, hee's well enough content, and the Doctor Gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If He dyes, his mouth is ſtop't, and forty to one the next Heir does him a good turn for the Diſpatch. So that, *Hit*, or *Miſs*; All is well at laſt. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, They'll tell you, *they learnt the Myſtery of a certain Jew*; and

There's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Playes* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him *when* and *where?* you'l finde it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about five and twenty years ago.

Come, Come; (Cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times Worse then himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining them

them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to underſtand their *Gibbriſh*. Their *Talk* was much of the *Planetary Mettals*; *Gold* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver*, *Luna*; *Tin*, *Jupiter*; *Copper*, *Venus*. They had about them, their *Fornaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Bloud*, *Powders*, and *Alimbecks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Waſhing*; Here *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one place; and *Rarifying* what was *Fix* in another. Some were upon the Work of *Tranſmutation*, *and Fixing* of *Mercury* with Monſtrous Hammers, upon an Anvile. And after they had *reſolv'd* the *Viſcous matter*, and ſent out the ſubtler parts, that they came to the *Coppel*, All went away *in Fume*. Some again were in a hot diſpute, What *Fuel* was beſt; and whether *Raymund Lullius* his *Fire*, *and no Fire*, could be any thing elſe then *Lime*; or otherwiſe to be underſtood of the *Light Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance upon *the Great Work*, after the *Hermetical* Method. Here they were

watching the Progreſs of their Operations, and making their Obſervations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the reſt of theſe blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima:* till they brought themſelves to the laſt Caſt both of their Lives and Fortunes: and inſtead of turning Baſe Mettals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inverſion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggarly Fools*, and *Falſe Coiners*. What a ſtir was there, with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, Look ye! The old Father is got up again*; *Down with him, Down with him*; What *Gloſſing*, and *Commenting* upon the old *Chymical Text*, that ſays; *Bleſſed be Heaven, That has order'd the moſt Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vileſt.* If ſo, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philoſophers Stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vileſt. And the Word was no ſooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Fleſh was ſo Curſedly Mawmiſh and Rotten, that they ſoon gave

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Fornace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretched'st, and most contemptible thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*: and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good *Philosophers stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, wee'l try for Once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that

had ſtudy'd *Chiromancy* or *Palmeſtry*; who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Noſe on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount* of *Saturn*. You (ſays he to another) have been a *Swindging Whore-maſter* in your Days; I ſee that by the *Mount* of *Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in ſhort; every Man's Deſtiny he read in his *Fiſt*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compaſſes* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob's ſtaffe* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Obſervation*. When he had gazed a while, up he ſtarts of a ſudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord* (ſays he) *What an Vnlucky Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an hour ſooner, I had been ſav'd*; for Juſt then *Saturn ſhifted*, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the *houſe of Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be ſure he was *Dead*, for (ſays he) I am a little doubtful of it

it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, *a Hundred years and one; Two Months, Six days, four Hours, and Three Minutes.* The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to Certain little *points*, and by them would tell you, as well *things past*, as to *come*: These *points* he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal lines; some *long*; others *shorter*, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble-Rabble* of *Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odd*, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerard*, *Bart'lemew* of *Parma*, and one *Toudin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous *Conjurer*: who though he had but *one Soul*, was yet burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable*

Books

Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now, his *Belly-full*, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company; Over against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Misaldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pump't dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*, *Taysnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chiromancy*; and He was doubly punish't, first for the *Fool* he *was*; and then for *those* he had *made*. Though to give the Man his Due, He knew himself to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but

but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters* innumerable, beſide divers *private Boxes* that were kept for Lords and Ladies; and other Perſonages of great quality, that put their truſt in theſe Diſciples of the Devil, and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter-Lane*, for reſolution in caſes of *Death*, *Love*, or *Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch* or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from theſe, were a company of *handſom Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to ſee it: but to comfort me, What? (ſays a Devil) Have you ſo ſoon forgot the roguery of theſe Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyſon of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all our ſenſes, and diſturb the faculties of your ſoul; theſe are they that couſen your *Eyes* with *falſe appearances*, and ſet up your *wills* in oppoſition to your *Underſtanding* and *Reaſon*. 'Tis right, ſaid I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a countenance of the highest pride and insolence imaginable: There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with Garments dipt in *Blood*, *Eyes sparkling*, and a *hundred pair of Chops*, *barking at Providence*, *and vomiting rage and poyson*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the stage of the Universe: And at their feet, in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperor *Sigismund*, and *the Queen of Harlots:* One that agreed with *Messalina* in This, that *Virginity* was both a *burden*, and a *folly*; and that in her whole life she was never either

wearied or *ſatisfy'd*; but herein ſhe went beyond her; in that ſhe held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but ſhe was now better inſtructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Paſſing forward ſtill, I ſpy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnaſhing his teeth, and *blaſpheming* through *fury* and *deſpair*. I aſkt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (ſaid I) thou art the damn'dſt Reprobate in Hell, and haſt brought more Wretches hither than half the World beſide: and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy ſelf, for certainly thou haſt well deſerv'd the firſt place in his Dominions. But ſince every man chuſes to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impoſtor* tell me, What's the reaſon that thou haſt forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Diſciples*? Oh (ſays he) I have made them ſo drunk with my *Alchoran* they need no *Tipple*. But why haſt thou forbidden them *Swines fleſh* too? (ſaid I,) becauſe (ſays he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon

on *Gamvion*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have establisht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle disputes and discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion*, or for the *Miracles I work*. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'l find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and *their Adherents*; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into each

each ear *Fire* inſtead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Symoniac*, and had taken up his ſeat in a *Peſtilential Chair*; but it was ſo dark I could not well diſcern whether it was a *Pope* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wiſh my ſelf out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I ſtumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: and there I ſaw *Lucifer* himſelf, with all his *Nobility* about him, *male* and *female*. (For let *marry'd men* ſay their pleaſure, there are *ſhe-Devils* too) I ſhould have been at a damn'd loſs what to do, or how to behave my ſelf among ſo many ſtrange faces, if one of the *Vſhers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a ſtranger, it was his Majeſties pleaſure, I ſhould enter and have free liberty of ſeeing what was there to be ſeen. We exchanged a couple or two of Complements, and then I began to look about me, but never did I ſee a Palace ſo furniſht, not indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the beſt is but a choice

choice collection of *dead* and *dumb Statues*, or *paintings*, without *life*, *ſenſe*, or *motion:* But *there*, all the pieces were *animated*, and no traſh in the whole Inventory, There was hardly any thing to be ſeen, but *Emperors* and *Princes*, with ſome few (perhaps) of their choiceſt Nobility and *Privados*. The firſt *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*; and after them ſate the *Roman Emperors*, in their order; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin the proud*; beſide *Highneſſes*, and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little *freſh air*, and I deſired my Guide to ſhew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (ſays he) follow me then: and ſo he carry'd me away by a *back paſſage* into *Lucifer's Houſe of Office*, where there was I know not how many Tun of Sir *Reverence*, and Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be numberd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but ſmile at this proviſion of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *damn'd Droll*. But

I call'd ſtill to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himſelf had given me a lift at the Crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my ſelf in the *Park* again, where I begun my ſtory: not without an odd medly of Paſſions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part, upon my own condition of eaſe and happineſs, that had deſerv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a reſolution of leading ſuch a courſe of life, for the future, that I might not come to *feel* theſe torments in *Reality*, which I had now only ſeen in *Viſion*.

And I muſt here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewiſe not to caſt an *ill conſtruction* upon *a fair meaning*. My deſign is to diſcredit, and diſcountenance the works of darkneſs, without ſcandalizing of Perſons; and ſince I ſpeak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm ſure no honeſt man alive will reckon this diſcourſe a Satyre.

The end of the Sixth Viſion.

THE SEVENTH VISION OF HELL REFORM'D.

THere happen'd lately so terrible an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in *Hell*, that (though it be a place of perpetual *Outrage*, and *Confusion*) the oldest Devil there never knew the Fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Dissolution of their Empire*. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing one from t'other: and all running *helter-skelter*, to and again, like Mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly-Burly* lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a *Monstrous Talker*; A *Pragmatical*, *Medling Under-*

Undertaker, and an *old Bawd* of a *Gouvernante*, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock: *Which may give the Reader to Underſtand what kind of Cattel theſe are, that could make Hell it ſelf more Dangerous, and Unquiet.*

Luciſer, in the Mean time, went *Telping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand Cuffes*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, to tie up his Priſ'ners again; when, in the middle of his *Carriere*, *He* and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I told ye of, met *full butt*; and after a little ſtaring one Another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine; (ſays he) you have a pack of *Lazy*, *Droning Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after Nothing, but ſit with their Arms and Legs acroſs, and leave all your affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commiſſion*, that have ſtaid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the *Coal*, and Whiſpering *Sedition* from one to another, chanc'd to paſs by in the *Interim*,

and stopping short, addres'd her self to *Lucifer*: Look to your self; (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't; *Three Parasites*; A world of *Physitians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers*, and *Atturnys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mungrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as Pale as Death; stood stone-still; as mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance; A *Priest* do ye say? a *Lay-Elder*? *Tyrants*? *Lawyers*? *Physitians*? *A Composition to poyson all the Devils in Hell, and purge their very Guts out.* With that, away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*? in a monstrous haste, and hurry. Nay then (says he) here is *the Forerunner of Ill Luck.* But *what's the Matter?*

ter? The Matter? cry'd the *Medler*; And then with a huge deal of tedious, and Impertinent Circumſtance, he up, and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had Contriv'd an *Eſcape*; and that there was a Deſign to call in *four* or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Uſurers*, under colour, forſooth, of Eſtabliſhing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a Hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears. But he had other Fiſh to fry; for Neck and All was now at Stake; and ſo he went about his Buſineſs of putting all in a poſture, and ſtrengthening his Guards. And for the further Security of his Royal Perſon, he entertain'd into *his own immediate Regiment*, ſeveral *Reformadoes* of the *Society*, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults*, and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers*, and *Priſoners*. The *Make-Bate Babler* March't in the *Van*, breathing an Ayr that kindled, and Enflam'd wherever he paſt, without giving any Light (ſet-

ting People together by the Ears, they know not why) In the second Place the *Governante*, as full of *News*, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, tearing as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul He saw in's way. He gave *One*, a *Bow*; T' *other*, a *Kiss*; *Your most humble Servant*, to a *Third*; *Can I serve you Sir* to a *Fourth*: But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormenter! cryes another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was *reading a Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any man in one Quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw,

ſaw, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no ſooner caſt his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he ſtarted in a Fright. How now? ſays he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpoſe to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, hee'd have been in Hell, beyond all Diſpute, I'd have gone my ſelf to Paradiſe.

As He was ſpeaking, we heard a great, and a confuſed Noiſe of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-Cryes*; and preſently we diſcover'd ſeveral Perſons falling one upon Another like lightning; and in ſhort with ſuch a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue, or Pen to deſcribe the Battle. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was *crown'd* with *Lawrel*, and ſurrounded with a grave ſort of People, that lookt like *Counſellers* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers End: by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Perſonal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worſe for t.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*

came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; what are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar* (quoth he) that in this general Tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murdering me in the *Senate*, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for Introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No; but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away *my Life*, than I did in dissolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperour, and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy, and Brand of Regicides, to their Graves, and the World has ever since, ador'd my Memory, and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me* (quoth he) *ye cursed Bloud-Hounds*; (turning toward them) *Whether was your Government better think ye? in the hands of your Senators; a Company of talking*

talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; Or in the hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. *He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule, think ye, he that only* knows *the Laws, or He that* Maintains *them? The one only* studies *the Government; The other* Protects *it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom, to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery, to serve a single Person; and when a Company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd* Fathers of their Countrey, *forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of* Tyrant? *Oh! how much better had it been for* Rome *to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step mother to her own Children Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so*

much

much as to mention the name of a Common-wealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, *&c. before your Tribe of Senators.*

This discourse of *Cæsars* struck *Brutus* with exceeding *shame* and *confusion*; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice he deliver'd himself to this effect. "Gentlemen of the Senate (*says he*) do ye not hear *Cæsar*? or will ye adde sin to sin, and suffer all the blame to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when you your selves were the *Contrivers* of the Villany? Why do ye not answer? for *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to us. *Cassius* and my *self* were but *your Bravos*, and govern'd by *your perswasions and advice*, little dreaming of that insatiable ambition that lay lurking under the gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the practice of you all, to arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would exercise your selves: in effect, when you have gotten Power, and the colour of Authority in your hands, it is

more

'more dangerous for a Prince not to 'comply with you, than for a Vaſſal to 'rebel againſt his Prince. To what end 'ſerv'd your perfidious and ungrateful 'Treaſon? Make anſwer to *Cæſar*. But 'for our parts, in the conſcience of our 'ſin, we feel the ſeverity of our Puniſh-'ment.

At theſe words a *hollow-Ey'd, ſupercilious Senator* (that had been of the Conſpiracy, and was then *blazing* like a *Pitcht Barrel*) rais'd himſelf, and with a faint voice, aſkt *Cæſar* what reaſon he had to complain? 'For *Prince* (*ſays* 'he) if King *Ptolomy* murther'd *Pom-*'*pey the Great*, upon whoſe ſcore he 'held his Kingdom: why might not 'the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover 'what you had taken from them? 'And in the caſe betwixt *Cæſar* and '*Pompey*, let the Devils themſelves be 'Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one* '*of the Murtherers*) what he did, was 'by *Ptolomy*'s command, and then he 'was but a *Free booter* neither, a fellow 'that got his living by Rapine and 'Spoil: but *Cæſar* was undoubtedly 'the more infamous of the two. 'Tis

'true

‘ true, you wept at the sight of *Pompey's head*, but such tears as were ‘ more treacherous than the Steel that ‘ kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and ‘ revengeful piety! that made thee a ‘ more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*, ‘ *dead* than *living*. Oh that ever two ‘ Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the ‘ first Head of the World! To con- ‘ clude, the death of *Cæsar*, had been ‘ the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the ‘ multitude had not call'd in others of ‘ his Race to the Government, which ‘ render'd *thy fall* the very *Hydra* of ‘ the Empire.

We had had another skirmish upon these words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon pain of Death; and there to abide such correction as belong'd to him, for slighting the warnings he had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turn'd over to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators* were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants* in the *Devils Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise, as of people talking at a distance, and by

by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *bloudy fray:* They were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperors*, *Magistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full *carriere* of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a fellow so martyr'd with wounds and scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty* Alexander *the Son of* Jupiter, *and the Emperor and Terror of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities* and *Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*,

lence, and bad *Clitus* begin, which he took very kindly, and told his ſtory.

'If it may pleaſe your Majeſty (*ſays he*) I was the firſt Favourite of this 'Emperour; who was then Lord of all 'the known World; bare the Title of '*the King of Kings*, and Boaſted himſelf 'for the *Son* of *Jupiter Hammon*; and 'yet after all this Glory and Conqueſt, 'he was himſelf a ſlave to his Paſſions; 'He was Raſh, and Cruel, and conſe-'quently, Incapable either of Counſel, 'or Friendſhip. While I liv'd, I was 'near him, and ſerv'd him faithfully; 'but it ſeems, He did not Entertain me, 'ſo much for my Fidelity, as to aug-'ment the Number of his Flatterers: 'But I found my ſelf too honeſt for a 'Baſe Office; and ſtill as he ran into 'any foul Exceſſes, I took a Freedom 'with all poſſible Modeſty, to ſhew 'him his Miſtakes. One day, as he was 'talking ſlightly of his Father *Philip* '(*that brave Prince*, from whom he re-'ceiv'd as well his Honour, as his Be-'ing) I told him frankly what I 'thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Va-'nity*, and deſired him to treat his

'*Dead*

'*Dead Father* with more *Reverence*,
'as a Prince Worthy of Eternal Ho-
'nour, and Reſpect. This Commenda-
'tion of *Philip*, ſo enflam'd him, that
'preſently he took a Partiſan and
'ſtruck me Dead in the place with his
'own Hand. After this; pray'e where
'was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-*
'*lominus*, (a poor Garden-Weeder)
'the Kingdom of *Sidonia:* which
'was not, as the World would have it,
'out of any Conſideration of his Vir-
'tue, but to Mortifie, and take down
'the Pride, and Inſolence of the *Per-*
'*ſians.* Meeting him here juſt now in
'*Hell*, I aſkt him what was become of
'*his Father Jupiter* now; that he lay
'ſo long by't; and whether he were
'not yet convinc'd that all his Flatte-
'rers were a Company of Raſcals, who
'with their *Incenſe*, and *Altars*, would
'perſwade him that He was of *Divine*
'*Extraction*, and *Heir apparent to the*
'*Throne and Thunder of Jupiter.* This
'now was the Ground of our Quar-
'rel. But Invectives apart; who but a
'*Tyrant* would have put *a Loyal Subject*
'to *Death*, only for his *Affection*, and

'*Re-*

'*Regards* to the *Memory* of his *Dead* '*Father*? how barbarously did he treat 'his Favourites, *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Ca-*'*listhenes*, *Amintas*, *&c.* so that good 'or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime e-'nough to be the Favourite of 'a Tyrant: As in the course of 'humane life, every man *dies* because 'he is *mortal*, and the *disease* is rather 'the *pretext* of his *death*, than the '*cause* of it. You find now (says *Sa-*'*tan*) that *Tyrants* will shew their *people* many a *Dog-trick*, when the humour takes them. The *good*, they *hate*, for not being *wicked*; and the *bad*, because they are no *worse*. How many *Favou-*'*rites* have you ever seen come to a *fair* and *timely end*? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*: *they let them suck and fill; and then squeeze them for their own profit.*

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a venerable *old man*, as pale as if he had no bloud in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*; for

For (ſays he) *I was a great* Favourite, *and a great* Hordor of Treaſure: *a* Spaniard *by* birth, *the* Tutor *and* Confident *of* Nero; *and my* name *is* Seneca. *Indeed his bounties were to exceſs, he* gave *me without asking, and in* taking *I was never* covetous *but* obedient. *It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be* liberal where they take a liking, both of *Honour* and *Fortunes: and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuſe, without ſome reflection upon the generoſity or diſcretion of his Maſter.* For 'tis not the *Merit*, or *Modeſty* of the *Vaſſal*, but the *Glory* of the *Prince* that is in queſtion: and he is the *beſt Subject*, that contributes the moſt to the *Splendor*, and *Reputation* of his *Sovereign. Nero* indeed gave me as much as ſuch a Prince could beſtow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the *moderation* imaginable: yet all too little, to preſerve me from the ſtrokes of envious and malicious tongues; which would have it, that my *philoſophizing* upon the *contempt of the World*, was nothing elſe but a meer *impoſture*, that with leſs *danger* and *notice* I might feed and entertain my *Avarice*,

and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Maſter declining, it ſtood me upon to provide ſome way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my ſelf from being the *mark* of a *publick envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all poſſible reſpect and humility made him a *Preſent* back again of his *own bounties*. The truth is, I had ſo great a *paſſion* for his *ſervice*, that neither the *ſeverity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courſes, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Eſpecially in caſes of *cruelty* and *bloud*, I laid it perpetually home to his conſcience, but all to little purpoſe; for *he put his Mother to death, laid the City of* Rome *in aſhes, and indeed depopulated the Empire of honeſt men*. And this drew on *Piſo's Conſpiracy*, which was *better laid* than *executed*: for upon the diſcovery, the prime inſtruments loſt their lives; and by Divine Providence this Prince was preſerv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the iſſue, the *Conſpiracy*

racy was *prevented*, and *Nero* never the *better*. At the ſame time he put *Lucan* to *death*, only *for being a better Poet than himſelf*. And if he gave me my *choice* what death to die, it was rather *cruelty* than *pity*: for in *the very deliberation which death to chuſe, I ſuffer'd all even in the terrour and apprehenſion that made me refuſe the reſt*. The election I made, was to *bleed to death* in a *Bath*, and I finiſht my own diſpatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, ſtudying new cruelties, and inſtructing the very Devils themſelves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his *Ill-favour'd Face*, and *ſhrill Voice*. 'It 'is very well (*ſays he*) for a Princes 'Favourite, or Tutor to be wiſer than 'his Maſter; but let him manage that 'advantage then with reſpect, and not 'like a raſh and inſolent Fool make 'proclamation preſently to the world, 'that he's the wiſer of the two. While '*Seneca* kept himſelf within thoſe 'bounds, I lodg'd him in my boſom, 'and the love I had for that man was

' the Glory of my Government; but
' when he came to publish once (what
' he should have dissembled or con-
' ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Sene-*
' *ca* that rul'd the Empire, nothing
' less than his Blood could make satis-
' faction for so intolerable a scandal,
' and from that hour I resolv'd his ru-
' ine. And I had rather suffer what I
' do a hundred times over, than enter-
' tain a Favourite that should raise his
' credit upon my Dishonour. Whether
' I have reason on my side or no, I ap-
' peal to all this Princely Assembly:
' Draw near I beseech ye, as many as
' are here, and speak freely, my Royal
' Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa-
' vourite to scape unpunisht, that had
' the impudence to write [*I and my*
' *King*] to make a *Stale* of *Majesty*, and
' to publish himself a *better States-man*
' than his *Master*? No, no, (they cry'd
out all with one voice) it never was,
and never shall be endured, while the
world lasts: For we have left our Suc-
cessors under an Oath, to have a care
on't. 'Tis true, *a wise Counsellor at a*
Prince's Elbow is a Treasure

to be ſo eſteem'd, while he makes it his buſineſs to cry up the abilities and juſtice of his Sovereign: but in the inſtant that his vanity tranſports him to the contrary; *away with him to the dogs*, and *down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not 'yet concern me; for though I had indeed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I 'ſo order'd it, that he had the credit 'in publick of all my private Advices. 'And ſo ſenſible he was of my ſervices, 'that he made me his Partner and 'Companion in the Empire: he caus'd 'my Statues to be erected, and inveſted 'them with ſacred Priviledges. *Let Sejanus Live*, was the daily cry of the 'People; and in truth, my well-being 'was the joy of the Empire; and far 'and neer there were publick Prayers 'and Vows offer'd up for my health. 'But what was the end of all? when I 'thought my ſelf ſureſt in my Maſter's 'Arms and favour: he let me fall, nay he 'threw me down, caus'd me to be cut 'in pieces, delivering me up to the fu'ry of a barbarous and enraged Multi-

'tude, that drag'd me along the Streets, 'and happy was he that could get a 'piece of my flesh to carry upon a 'Javelins point in triumph. And it had 'been well if this inhumane cruelty 'had stopt here; but it extended to 'my poor *Children*, who, though un-'concern'd in my *crimes*, were yet to 'partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had, 'whom the very Law exempted from 'the stroke of *Justice*, because of her '*Virginity*; but to clear that scruple, 'she was condemn'd first to be *ravisht* 'by the *Hangman*, and then to be *be-'headed*, and treated as her Father. 'My first failing was upon temerity and 'pride: I would out-run my destiny; 'defie Fortune: and for *Divine Provi-'dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous 'thing*. When I was once out of the 'way, I thought doing worse was some-'what in order to being better; and 'then I began to fortifie my self by vio-'lence, against craft and malice. Some 'were put to *death*, others *banisht*, till 'in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and 'Earth declar'd themselves against me. 'I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-'ple,

'ple, and means. I had my *Phyſician* 'for *poyſoning*; my *Aſſaſſins* for *revenge*; 'I had my *falſe Witneſſes* and *corrupt* '*Judges*; and in truth, what Inſtru-'ments of wickedneſs had I not? And 'all this not upon choice or inclination; 'but purely out of the neceſſity of my 'condition. When ever I ſhould come 'to fall, I was ſure to be forſaken both 'of good and bad; and therefore I 'ſhun'd the *better ſort*, as thoſe that 'would only ſerve to accuſe me; but 'the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to 'encreaſe the number of my *Complices*, 'and make my *party* the *ſtronger*. But 'after all: if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'le 'ſwear he was never ſo by my advice: 'But on the contrary; I have ſuffer'd 'more from him for *plain dealing* and 'diſſwading him, than the very ſubjects 'of his ſeverity have commonly ſuffer'd 'by him. I know, 'tis charg'd upon me, 'that I ſtirr'd him up to *cruelty*, to ren-'der him *odious*, and to ingratiate my 'ſelf to the people. But who was his 'Adviſer I pray'e, in this butcherly pro-'ceeding againſt me? Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-'cifer!* you know very well that 'tis

‘ the practice of Tyrants, when they
‘ do amiss themselves, and set their peo-
‘ ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame
‘ (and punishment too) upon the In-
‘ strument; and hang up the Minister
‘ for the Masters fault. This is the end
‘ of all Favorites, *cries one*; Not a
‘ half-penny matter if they were all
‘ serv'd so, *says another*. And every
‘ *Historian* has his *saying* upon this *Ca-*
‘ *tastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af-
‘ ter-ages of the *Rock* of *Court-favours*.
‘ The greatness of a Favorite *I must*
‘ *confess*, proclaims the greatness of his
‘ Maker; and the Prince that maintains
‘ what he has once rais'd, does but ju-
‘ stifie the prudence of his own choice:
‘ and when ever he comes to undo what
‘ he has done, publishes himself to be
‘ light and unconstant, and does as
‘ good as declare himself (*even against*
‘ *himself*) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus* his *Favourite*) he that was tost'd out of a *Garret Window* to make the people sport. *My condition in the* World (says he) *was perfectly like that of a* Rocket *or* Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a* Prodigious

digious Height *in a Moment, and all peoples Eyes were upon me, as* a Star of the first Magnitude; *but my* Glory *was very* short-liv'd; and *down I fell into* Obscurity, *and* Ashes. After him, appear'd a number of *other Favorites*; and all of them hearkning to *Belisarius* the *Favourite* of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was, had already knockt twice with his staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd *Audience*; which was at length granted him, *Silence* commanded; And he said, as follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy 'the Creatures they have rais'd, and 'chosen, should do well to Consider, that '*Cruelty* and *Inconstancy* is much a greater *Infamy* to a *Prince*, than the *Worst Effects* of it can be to a *Favorite*. For my 'own part, I serv'd an *Emperour*, that 'was both a *Christian*, and a great Lover, and Promoter of *Justice*. And yet 'after all the services I had done him, in 'several *Battels* and *Adventures*, (insomuch that He was effectually become 'my Debter, for the very glory of his 'Empire) My *Reward*, in the End, was

to

' to have *my Eyes put out*, and (with a
' Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging
' from Door to Door. Thus was That
' *Belizarius* treated, whose very *Name*
' formerly was worth an *Army*, and he
' was the *Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as
' the *Terrour* of his *Enemies*. But a *Prin-*
' *ces Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless,*
' *and Slippery, never to be fix'd; never*
' *secured. Force it, and it spends it self*
' *in Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a Mor-*
' *tal Poyson. Handle it only, and it works*
' *it self into the very Bones; and all that*
' *have to do with it, Live and Dye, Pale,*
' *and Trembling.*

At these Words, the whole Band of *Favorites*, set up a Hideous, and a Heavy *Grone*, trembling like Aspen-leaves, and at the same time, reciting several passages out of the Prophet *Habbakuk*, against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*. By which Threatnings, is given to understand, that *the Almighty, when he has a mind to destroy a Wicked Ruler, does not always punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battel: but many times makes use of things the*

most

moſt Abject, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice to ſerve him as the Miniſters of his Terrible Juſtice: Nay, *the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the houſe, ſhall riſe in Judgment againſt them.*

This Diſcourſe might have gone further, but that the Company preſently parted, to know the Meaning of a ſudden Noiſe and Clatter they heard, that half deafn'd the Auditory. And what was it at laſt? but a *ſcuffle* between the *Gown-men*, and *the Brothers of the Blade*; And there were Perſons of great *Honour*, and *Learning*, *Young*, and *Old*, engag'd in the *Fray*: *The Men of War* were at it daſhing with their *Swords*, and *the Gentlemen of the long Robe*, *fencing*, ſome with *Toſtatus*, Others with huge *Pandects*, that with their old *Wainſcot Covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*, and would now and then give the Foe a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The *Combate* had certainly been very *Bloudy*, if one of *Lucifer's Conſtables* had not *commanded* them *in the Kings*

name

name to keep the Peace; which made it a Drawn Battel. And with That, one of the *Combatants*, with the best face he had, said aloud; If Ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Us*, or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that Instant, there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and *Old Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he disposed himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was Possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a *great Train* at his Heels, that were all *Bloudy*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

'You have here before ye, (quoth 'the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are 'the *Seven Sages*, *Native* of *Greece*, but 'renown'd throughout the *Universe*. 'He there in the *Mortar* is that *Anaxarchus* that was pounded to Death 'by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with 'the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little 'Crump-shoulder'd *Wretch*, was the Fa-

'mous

'mous *Ariſtotle:* and T'other there, 'the *divine Plato.* Thoſe in the *Corner*, 'are all of the ſame Profeſſion too; 'Grave and Learned *Philoſophers*; that 'have diſpleas'd *Tyrants* with their 'Writings: and in fine, *the World* is 'fraught with their *Works*, and *Hell* with 'the *Authors.* To come to the Point, '(moſt mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of 'us Dealers in *Politicks*; Great *Writers*, 'and *Deep-read-men* in the Maxims of 'State and *Government.* We have di-'geſted *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid 'down Certain *Rules*, by which Prin-'ces may make themſelves *Great*, and 'Belov'd. We have adviſ'd them, Im-'partially to adminiſter *Juſtice*; To re-'ward *Virtue*, as well *Military*, as *Ci-'vil*; to Employ *able men*, Baniſh 'Flatterers; To put men of *Wiſdom*, 'and *Integrity* in Places of *Truſt.* To 'Reward, or *Puniſh*, without *Paſſion*; 'and according to the Merits of the 'Cauſe, as *God's Vice-gerents.* And 'This now is our offence. We name no 'Body; we deſign no body; but *'tis 'Crime enough to wiſh well to the way, 'and to the Lovers of Virtue.* With

'that

'that, turning towards the *Tyrants*. Oh 'most Unjuſt Princes; (ſaid he) Thoſe 'Glorious *Kings*, and *Emperors* from 'whom we took the *Model* of our *Laws* 'and *Inſtructions*, are now in a ſtate of '*Reſt*, and *Comfort*, while *you* are *tor-*'*mented*. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the *Fir-*'*mament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in '*Hell*. And the *Memory* of *Auguſtus* and '*Trajan* is ſtill freſh and fragrant, when 'the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus* 'are more *Putrid* and *Odious* than their '*Bodies*.

When *Dionyſius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his Companions about him) Fleſh and Bloud could hold no longer; and he cry'd out in a Rage, '*That Roguy Philo-*'*ſopher has told a thouſand Lies. Legiſla-*'*tors, with a Pox?* Yes, yes, they are 'ſweet *Legiſlators*, and Princes have ma-'ny a fair Obligation to them. No, no 'Sirrah, (ſays he to *Solon*) You are all of 'you a Company of *Quacks*; Ye prate, '& ſpeculate of things ye don't under-'ſtand; and with your *damn'd Morali-*'*ties* ſet the People agog upon *Liber-*'*ty*; cry up the Doctrine of *Free-born* '*Subjects*, and then our *Portion* is per-

'ſecu-

'*ſecution* in *one World*, and *Infamy* in '*t'other.*

'We ſhall have a fine time on't, my 'moſt Gracious Prince (cry'd *Julian* '*the Apoſtate*, ſtaring *Lucifer* in the face) 'when theſe *Dunghil Pedants*, a Com-'pany of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*, '*Mortify'd*, *Ill-bred*, *Beggarly Tatter-demallions*, ſhall come to erect *a Com-'mittee for Politicks*, and paſs *Sentence* 'upon *Governours*, and *Governments*; 'ſtiling themſelves (forſooth) the *Sup-'porters* of both; without any more 'ſkill than my Horſe in what belongs to 'either. Tell me (ſays he) if a Brave 'Prince had not better be Damn'd, 'than ſubject himſelf to hear one 'of theſe *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Naſty-Lowſie-'Fartical Raſcals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*, 'and a *Plantation* of *Lice* in his *Beard*; 'and his *Eyes* crept into the Nape of 'his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-'riſm*; That *A Prince that looks only* '*to One, is a Tyrant*; and that *a True* '*King is the Shepherd, and Servant of* '*his People.* Ah, Raſh, and beſotted 'Coxcombs! If *a King looks only to* '*others, who ſhall look to him?* As if

'Princes

'Princes had not Enemies enough 'abroad; without being so to them-'selves too. But you may write your 'Hearts out, and never the nearer. 'Where's our *Soveraignty?* if we have 'not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* at 'our *Mercy*. And where's our absolute 'Power? if we submit to the Coun-'sels of our Vassals. If we have not to 'satisfie our Appetites, Avarice, and 'Revenge, we want power to dis-'charge the Noblest Ends of Govern-'ment. These *Contemplative Ideots*, 'would have us make Choice of *Good 'Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in *Order*; 'which were a Madness, in our Con-'dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and 'no matter for any other Merit, or 'Virtue. *A Parcel of Good Offices handsomely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats, 'and Atheists, will make us a party ano-'ther Day*; whereas all is lost, that's be-'stow'd upon honest men; for they're 'our Enemies; Speak Truth then all 'of ye, and shame the Devil; for *the 'Butcher sats his sheep only for the Sham-'bles.*

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your

your Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet, if you'l give him the hearing. *Photinus*, advance, (ſaid *Julian*) and ſpeak your Mind; whereupon there appear'd a *Brazen-fac'd* fellow, with a *hanging look*, and twenty other marks of a *Deſperate Villain*: who with a *Helliſh Tell*, and *three or four wry mouths* for a *Prologue*, brake into his Diſcourſe.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomey's *Courtiers, about the Killing of* Pompey : *taken out of* Lucan's Pharſalia. *Lib.* 8.

'METhinks, under Favour, (moſt Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are now 'ſlipt into a debate, a little beſide the 'buſineſs. The queſtion is, *whether* 'Pompey *ſhould be deliver'd up to* Cæ'ſar, *or no*. That is to ſay, whether *in* 'reaſon of State, it ought to be done; 'and we are formalizing the matter, 'whether in point of *equity* and *juſtice* 'it *may* be done. *Bodies Politick have* 'no Souls; *and never did any great Prince*

turn a Council of State, into a Court of Conscience, but he repented it. Kingdoms are to be govern'd by *Politicians*, not by *Casuists*; and there is nothing more contrary to the true interest of *Crowns* and *Empires*, than in *publick cases*, to make a scruple of *private duties*. The Argument is this; *Pompey* is in *distress*: and *Ptolomy* under an *Obligation*; so that it were a violation of *Faith* and *Hospitality*, not to relieve him. Now give me leave to reason in the other way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and *persecuted* by the *Gods*; *Cæsar* upon the Heels of him, with *victory* and *success*. Shall *Ptolomy* now *ruine himself*, to *protect* a *Fugitive*, against both *Heaven*, and *Cæsar*! I must confess, where *honesty*, and *profit* are both of a side, 'tis well; but where they disagree, the Prince that does not quit his *Religion*, for his *convenience*, falls into a direct conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the *Hearts* of his *Souldiery*, and the *reputation* of his *power*. Whereas on the contrary, the most hateful Tyrant in the world shall be able to keep his head above water, let him

but

'but give a general Licenſe to commit 'all ſorts of Wickedneſs: you'l ſay 'tis 'Impious: but I ſay, what if it be? who 'ſhall call you to accompt? Theſe deli-'berations are only for *Subjects*, that are 'under *Command*; and not for *Soveraign* '*Princes*, whoſe *will* is a *Law*.

Exeat Aulâ
Qui volet eſſe pius.

He was never cut out
For a Court, that's devout.

'In fine, ſince either *Pompey* or *Pto-'lomy* muſt ſuffer, I am abſolutely for 'the ſaving of *Ptolomy*, and the preſent-'ing of *Pompey*'s *head*, without any more 'ado, to *Cæſar*. *A Dead Dog will never 'bite.*

Photinus had no ſooner made an end, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monſtrous *Rage*, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him *like a Bear to the ſtake*. 'There 'is not in nature (ſays he) ſo damn'd a 'Generation of *Scribling Rogues*, as 'theſe *Hiſtorians*. We can neither be 'quiet for them, *Living, nor Dead*: for

'they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and 'when they have vented the *Humour*, 'and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that 'forsooth must be call'd, *The life of such* 'an Emperour. And for an instance, I'll 'shew ye what this *Impertinent Chroni-* 'cler says of *myself*. He had *squander'd* 'away his treasure (says he) *in expensive* 'Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to 'the Souldiers.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

'In another place, he says, that *Do-* 'mitian had some thoughts of easing him- 'self in his Military Charges, by reducing 'the number; but that he durst not do, 'for fear some of his Neighbours should 'put an affront upon him. So that to lick 'himself whole, he fell to raking and scra- 'ping whatever he could get, either from 'Dead or Living; and any Rascals Testi- 'mony was proof enough for a Confisca- 'tion: for there needed no more to undo 'an honest man than to tell a Tale at Court, 'that such a one had spoken ill of the 'Prince.

'Is this the way of treating *Majesty*? 'what could this *impudent Pedant* have

'said

'ſaid worſe, if he had been ſpeaking of 'a *Pick-pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Princes* 'and *Thieves* are all one to them.

'He ſays further, that *Domitian made* '*ſeizure of ſeveral Eſtates, without any* '*ſort of Right whatſoever; and there went* '*no more to his Title, than for a falſe wit-*'*neſs to depoſe, that he heard the Deſunct* '*declare, before he dy'd, that he made* 'Cæſar *his* Heir. *He ſet ſuch a Tax upon* '*the* Jews, *that many of them deny'd their* '*Religion to avoid it; and I remember* '*that when I was a young Fellow, I ſaw an* '*old man of fourſcore and ten taken upon* '*ſuſpition by one of* Domitian's *ſpies, and* '*turn'd up in a publick Aſſembly, to ſee if* '*he were circumciſed.*

'Be ye now Judges, *Gentlemen of the* '*Black Guard*, if this be not a moſt in-'tolerable indignity. Am I to anſwer for 'the actions of my inferior Officers? it 'amazes me that my Succeſſors ſhould 'ever endure theſe ſcandalous reports 'to be publiſhed, eſpecially againſt a 'Prince that had laid out ſo much Mo-'ney in repairing the Libraries that were 'burnt.

It is very true (ſaid *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you ſay, if I ſhew you in a Warrant under your hand, this *execrable* and *impious Blaſphemy? It is the command of your Lord and God.* And in fine, if I ſpeak nothing but truth, where's your cauſe of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Cæſar*, and the divine *Auguſtus*, and the world will not ſay but I have done them right. But for your ſelf, and ſuch as you, that are effectually but ſo many *incarnate* and *crowned Plagues*, what fault have I committed in ſetting before your eyes thoſe *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look up on with *Dread* and *Horrour?*

This diſcourſe of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Bouteſeu*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye Sir, (*ſays he pointing with his finger*) that limping Devil 'there, that looks as if he were ſurbated with beating the Hoof, has 'been abroad in the world, this twenty 'year, and is but juſt now come back 'again.

'again. Come hither Sirrah, crys *Lucifer*; and ſo the poor Cur went wrigling and glotting up toward his Prince. 'You are a fine Rogue to be ſent of an 'Errand, are ye not? (ſays *Lucifer*) to 'ſtay twenty year out, and come back 'again e'en as wiſe as ye went: What 'ſouls have ye brought now? or what 'news from t'other world? *Ha!* Your Highneſs (quoth the Devil) has too much honour and juſtice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleaſed to remember, that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant; *It coſt me the firſt ten year of my time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honeſt again, and reſtoring what he had ſtoln.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*. But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it firſt, then Chalk is Cheeſe*: And *the Devils now adays are ſo damn'dly inſipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roaſting.* A ſenſleſs Puppy to come back to me *with a ſtory of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine mile to ſuck a Bull.* But he's not Maſter of his Trade yet: and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his

Officers take him away and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing at a* Play-house, *when he should have been at* Church.

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women:* The *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, Sirrah (cry'd *a Devil of Honour*, out of respect to the Ladies) and speak truth: for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and *good house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers:* But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven year together*; Others, as long *Bed-rid*, and so impotent, that the *Civilians* would have put us

inter

inter frigidos & maleficiatos: and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were ſuch Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our ſelves to the Devil at laſt to get them Eſtates; out of a charitable perſwaſion (forſooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve-month together (perhaps) we never ſo much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fiſh* or *Fleſh*. But now ſince the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *Children grown up*, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-mans Noſe*; another the *Gentleman Uſher's Legs*; a third a *Couſin-German's Eyes*. And ſome we are to preſume, conceiv'd purely by ſtrength of *imagination*, or elſe by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd *a little Remnant of a man*; a dapper *Spaniard*, with a kind of a *Beſome-Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Tapping* of a *foyſting Cur*. As he came neer the Company, he ſet up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! ſays he, I ſhall now take ye to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Baſtard*, and for the *Eſtate* I ſetled

ſetled upon him. I did ever miſdoubt foul play, but ſhould never have dreamt of *That Ugly Toad*, when there was ſuch choice of *handſome, luſty young Fellows* about us; but it may be ſhe had them too. I curſt the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the Strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to Confeſſion, and in ſooth, I was never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be eaſing my mind ever and anon to this *curſed Moor*. I cannot imagine (ſaid I) where this Miſtreſs of thine ſhould commit all the ſins that ſhe goes every hour of the day to *confeſs* at yonder *Monaſtery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* anſwer me. Alas good Lady! I would e'en venture my Soul with hers with all my heart; ſhe ſpends all her time you ſee in holy Duties. I was at that time ſo innocent, that I ſuſpected nothing more, than a pure Reſpect and Civility to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better ſince, and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in the

ſame

ſame Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy Iſſue*, for the *Baſtards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleaſant time on't. Firſt, he's ſubjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peeviſh importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives thoſe about her till ſhe's *Laid*; and then comes the *ſqualling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Goſſippings* of the *Nurſe* and *Midwife*, that muſt be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A ſweet Baby*, ſays one (to the Jade the Mother on't) *'tis e'en as like the Father as if he had ſpit it out on's mouth*: It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when tis no *more like him, than an Apple is like an Oyſter*. And in concluſion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World with a Chriſtian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company of damn'd Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I ſee, in *Sæcula Sæculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth out of all reaſon.

I cut this Visit short, to see what news in a *deep Vault* neer at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *conteſt* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Preſumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more!* cryes a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for a *pack of conſening, bawling Raſcals: You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are, and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have Commission to let you *Live again* and *Return*. *Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again: Get ye into the World again. Away*, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty lash at every word,

and

and thruſt hard to have got them out. But *the poor Rogues hung an Arſe*, and were ſtruck with ſuch a *Terrour*, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they ſlunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that ſeem'd to have ſomewhat more Brain, and Reſolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate*, *whether they ſhould go out, or no. If I ſhould now*, ſays he, *at my* Second Birth, 'come *into the World a Baſtard*; The 'ſhame would be *mine*, though my *Pa-* 'rents committed the *fault*; and I 'ſhould carry the *Scandal*, and the *In-* 'famy of it to my *Grave*. Now put 'Caſe, my *Mother* ſhould be *honeſt*, (for 'that's not Impoſſible) and that I came 'into the World, *Legitimate*; how ma- 'ny *Follies*, *Vices*, and *Diſeaſes* are there 'that run in a *Blood!* who knows, but 'I ſhould be *Mad*, or *Simple*? *Swear*, 'Lye, *Cheat*, *Whore*; Nay if I came off, 'with a Little *Mortification* of my *Car-* 'caſs, as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or *the* 'Noble *Pox*, I were a happy Man. But 'oh the *Lodging*, the *Diet*, and the

'Cookery

'*Cookery* that I am to expect for a matter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's belly*: and then the *Butter* and *Beer* that muſt be ſpent to ſweeten me, when I change my Quarter. I muſt come *Crying* into the *World*, and live in ignorance even of what Life is, till I dye; and then as ignorant of Death too, till 'tis paſt. I Phanſy my *Swadling-Clouts*, and *Blankets* to be worſe then my *Winding-ſheet*; My *Cradle* repreſents my *Tomb*. And then who knows, whether my *Nurſe* ſhall be *ſound*, or No? Shee'l over-lay me perhaps; leave me ſome four and twenty hours, it may be, without clean Clouts, and a Pin or Two all the while perchance, up to the Hilts in my back-ſide. And then follows *Breeding* of *Teeth*, and *Worms*; with all the *Gripes*, and *Diſorders* that are caus'd by *Unwholeſome Milk*. Theſe Miſeries are Certain, and why ſhould I run them over again?

'If it happen that I paſs the ſtate of *Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Meazils*: I muſt be then pack't away to *School*, to get the *Itch*; a *Scal'd Head*, or a

'pair

' pair of *Kib'd heels.* In Winter, 'tis ten
' to one you find me with a Snotty
' Nose; and perpetually under the Lash,
' if I either miss my Lesson, or go late
' to School. So that *Hang him for my*
' *part that would be born again*; for any
' thing I see yet.

' When I come up toward *Man*; the
' *Women* will have me *as sure as a Gun*,
' for they have a Thousand Ginnes, and
' Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and
' if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass
' that understands *Dress* and *Raillery*,
' *I'm gone, if there were no more Lads*
' *in Christendom.* But for my part, I am
' *as sick as a Dog*, of *Powdering*, *Curling*,
' and playing the *Lady Bird.* I would
' not for all the world be in the *Shooma-*
' *kers stocks*, and Choak my self over a-
' gain in a *streight Doublet*; only to have
' the Ladies say, *Look*, *what a Delicate*
' *shape*, *and Foot that Gentleman has.*
' And I would take as little pleasure to
' spend six hours, of the four and twen-
' ty, in picking Grey hairs out of my
' Head, or Beard, or turning White in-
' to Black. To stand half ravisht in the
' contemplation of my own shadow:

' To

‘ To dress fine, and go to Church only to
‘ see handsome Ladies: To correct the
‘ midnight Air with ardent sighs, and
‘ Ejaculations; and to keep company
‘ with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of
‘ *Evil Omen:* To walk the round of a
‘ Mistress Lodging, and play at *Bo-peep*
‘ at the corner of every street: to adore
‘ her imperfections, (or as the Song
‘ says,----- *for her Uglineſs, and for her*
‘ *want of Coin*) To make Bracelets of
‘ her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-
‘ lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate,
‘ I say, Curſed again and again be he,
‘ for my part, that would live over a-
‘ gain ſo Wretched a Life.

‘ Being come now to write *full Man*,
‘ If I have an *Eſtate*, how many *Cares*,
‘ *Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it!
‘ If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and
‘ *Regret*, at my *Misfortunes!* By this
‘ Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-
‘ ten into my Bones; I grow Sowre, and
‘ Melancholy; Nothing pleases me; I
‘ curse *old Age* to Ten thouſand Devils,
‘ and the *Youth* which I can never reco-
‘ ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch
‘ out of the *Barber's Shops*, from *Per-*

‘ *ruques*,

ruques, *Razors*, and *Patches*, to conceal, or at leaſt diſguiſe all the Marks and Evidences of Nature in her Decay. Nay, when I ſhall have never an *Eye* to ſee with, nor a *Tooth* left in my head; *Gowty Legs*; *Wind mills* in my Crown; my *Noſe running like a Tap*, and *Gravel in my Reins*, *by the Buſhel*; then muſt I make Oath that all this is nothing but meer Accident, gotten by Lying in the Field, or the like, and out-face the Truth in the very Teeth of ſo many undeniable Witneſſes. *There is no Plague Comparable to this Hypocriſie of the Members.* To have an *Old Fop* ſhake his Heels, when he's ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *Theſe Legs would make a ſhift yet to play with the beſt Legs in the Company*; and then with a luſty Thump on's Breaſt, fetch ye up a *Hem*, and cry, *Sound at Heart Boy*, and a Thouſand other Fooleries of the like Nature. But all this is Nothing to the Miſery of an Old *Fellow* in *Love*; eſpecially if he be put to *Gallant* it againſt a Company of *Young Gameſters*. Oh the Inward ſhame, and Vexation, to ſee himſelf ſcarce ſo

'much as Neglected. It happens some-
'times that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of
'better Entertainment, may content
'her self with one of these *Reverend*
'*Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
'but alack, alack! the *poor Man is*
'*weak, though willing*; and after a whole
'Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
'Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
'with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion*
'about him, not to be expresst; and
'*many a heavy Curse is sent after him for*
'*keeping a poor Lady from her natural*
'*Rest, to so little purpose.* How often
'must I be put to the Blush too, when
'every *Old Toast* shall be calling me *Old*
'*Acquaintance*, and telling me, *Oh Sir,*
'*'tis many a fair Day since you and I*
'*knew one Another first. I think 'twas in*
'*the four and thirtieth of the Queen,*
'*that we were School-fellows. How the*
'*World's alter'd since!* &c. And then
'must my *head* be turn'd to a *Memento*
'*Mori*: My *flesh*, dissolv'd into *Rheums*;
'My *Skin*, *Wither'd*, and *Wrinkl'd*; with
'*a Staff in my Hand*, knocking the
'Earth at every trembling step, as if I
'call'd upon my Grave to receive me:

walking,

'*walking*, like a *Moving Phantoſme*; my '*Life* little more than a *Dream*; My '*Reins*, and *Bladder* turn'd into a Per-'fect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piſs-'pot* my whole *Study*. My next Heir, 'watching, every Minute, for the long-'look't-for, and happy hour of my De-'parture; And in the mean time, I'm 'become *the Phyſicians Revenue*; and '*the Surgeons Practice*, with *an Apothe-'caries Shop in my Guts*; and every '*old Jade* calling me *Grandſire*. No, no; 'I'll no more Living again, I thank ye: '*One Hell* rather than *two Mothers*.

'Let us now conſider the Comforts 'of Life: The *Humours*, and the *Man-'ners*. He that would be *Rich*, muſt 'play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*; *He that 'would riſe in the world, muſt turn Pa-'raſite*, *Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that '*Marries*, ventures fair for the *Horn*, 'either before, or after. There is no '*Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*, 'or *Hectoring*. If ye are *poor*, *No body 'Owns ye*. If *Rich*, *you'l know No Body*. 'If you dye *Young*, *what pity it was* '(they'l ſay) *that he ſhould be cut off 'thus in the Prime*. If *Old*. *He was e'en*

'*past his best*; *there's no great Miss* '*of him.* If you are *Religious*, and fre- 'quent the *Church*, and the *Sacrament*; 'You're an *Hypocrite*; And *without* '*this*, you're an *Atheist*, or an *Heretick*. 'If you are *Gay*, and *pleasant*, you pass 'presently for a *Buffon*: and if *Pensive*, 'and *reserv'd*, you are taken to be *sowre*, 'and *Censorious*. *Courteste* is call'd *Collo-* 'guing and *Currying of Favour*: *Down-* 'right *Honesty*, and *plain-dealing*, is In- 'terpreted to be *Pride*, and *Ill manners*. '*This is the World*; and for all that's 'in't, I would not have it to go over 'again. If any of ye, My Masters (said 'he to his *Camerades*) be of another 'Opinion, hold up your hands. No, 'No (they cry'd all Unanimously) *No* '*more Generation-work*, I beseech ye; '*Better the Devils*, *than the Mid-* 'wives.

After This, came a *Testator*, *cursing*, and *Raving*, like a *Bedlam*, that He had made his *last Will and Testament.* Ah *Villain!* (said he) *for a man to murther* '*himself as I have done!* If I had not '*Seal'd*, I had not *dy'd.* Of all things, next 'a *Physician*, Deliver me from a *Testa-* '*ment.*

'*ment.* It has kill'd more than the *Pe-*
'*ſtilence.* Oh miſerable Mortals; let
'the *Living* take warning by the *Dead,*
'and make no *Teſtaments.* It was my
'hard Luck, firſt to put my *Life* into
'the *Phyſicians power*, and then by ma-
'king my *Will*, to ſign the Sentence of
'*Death* upon my ſelf, and *my own Exe-*
'*cution. Put your Soul, and your Eſtate*
'*in Order*, (ſays the Doctor) *for there's*
'*no hope of Life*; And the word was
'no ſooner out, but I was ſo wiſe and
'Devout (forſooth) as to fall imme-
'diately upon the Prologue of my *Will*,
'with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen*, &c.
'And when I came to diſpoſe of my
'*Goods* and *Chattels* I pronoune'd theſe
'Bloudy words (*I would I had been*
'*Tongue ty'd when I did it*) I make and
'Conſtitute my *Son*, my *Sole Exec'tor.*
'*Item*, to my *Dear Wife*, I give and Be-
'queath all my *Plays* and *Romances*,
'and all the *Furniture* in *the Rooms* up-
'on *the Second Story.* To *my very good*
'*Friend T. B.* my large *Tankard*, for a
'*Remembrance.* To *my Foot-boy Robin*,
'*five pound* to bind him *Prentice*: To
'*Betty* that tended me in my ſickneſs,

‘ *my little Candle-Cup.* To *Mr. Doctor*, ‘ my fair *Table-Diamond*, for his Care ‘ of me in my Illneſs. After *Signing*, ‘ and *Sealing*, the *Ink was ſcarce dry ‘ upon the Paper, but methought the ‘ Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to ‘ devour me.* My *Son* and my *Legatees* ‘ were preſently Caſting it up, how ‘ many hours I might yet hold out. If ‘ I call'd for the *Cordial Julep*, or a little ‘ of *Dr. Gilbert's Water*; my *Son* was ‘ taking *Poſſeſſion* of my *Eſtate*: My ‘ *Wife* ſo buſie about the *Beds*, and ‘ *Hangings*, that ſhe could not intend it. ‘ The *Boy*, and the *Wench* could under- ‘ ſtand Nothing but about their *Lega- ‘ cies.* My very good Friend's *Mind* was ‘ wholly upon his *Tankard.* My kind *Dr.* ‘ I muſt confeſs took Occaſion now and ‘ then, to handle my *Pulſe*, and *ſee whe- ‘ther* the *Diamond were of the right Black ‘ Water, or no.* If I aſk't him, what I might ‘ *Eat*; his Anſwer was; *Any thing, any ‘ thing, E'en what you pleaſe your ſelf.* At ‘ every *Grone* I fetcht, they were calling ‘ for their *Legacies*; which they could ‘ not have till I was Dead.

But if I were to begin the World

again,

again, I think I ſhould make another 'kind of *Teſtament.* I would ſay, *A* 'Curſe upon him that ſhall have my Eſtate 'when I am Dead: *And may the firſt* 'bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. 'The Devil in Hell take what I cannot 'carry away, and him too, that ſtruggles 'for't, if he can Catch him. If I dye, 'let my Boy Robin have the Strappado, 'three hours a day, to be duly paid him 'during Life. Let my Wife dye of the 'Pip, or the Mother; (not a half penny 'matter which) but let her firſt live long 'Enough to Plague the damn'd Doctor, 'and indite him for poyſoning her Poor 'Husband. To ſpeak ſincerely, I can never forgive that *Dog-Leech.* Was it not enough to make me *Sick*, when I was *well*, without making me *Dead*, when I was *Sick?* And not to reſt there neither, but to perſecute me in my *Grave* too. But to ſay the Truth, this is only *Neighbours-fare*; for all thoſe fools that truſt in them, are ſerv'd with the ſame Sawce. A *Vomit*, or a *Purge* is as good a *Paſs-port* into *the other World*, as a man would wiſh. And then when our heads are laid; 'tis never to be en-

dured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories! Heaven rest his Soul* (crys one) *He kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible* (says another) *to cure a man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man*; (crys a Third) *a Meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse: and it was not in the Power of Man to save him.* And *truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal Dye well, then live on as he did.* Thieves and Murtherers that ye are; *You your selves are that* hour *ye talk of.* The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his Patients *Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not Enough to take away a man's *life*; and like *Common Hang-men* to be *paid* for't when ye have done: but you must blast the *Honour* too of those you have dispatcht, to excuse your *Ignorance*? *Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write *their Testaments* after *This Copy*, they shall live long and Happily; and not go out of the World at last, *like a Rat with a straw in his Arse* (as a learned Author has

has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be *Gagg'd*, or *put in security for his good behaviour*.

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and one of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where 'am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of all 'this? Here are *damning Devils*; *tempting Devils*; and *tormenting Devils*; 'but the Devil a Devil can I find of the '*Devils* that brought me hither: They 'have gotten away my *Devils*: where 'are

‘ are they? Give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company ſtare, to ſee a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they ſwarm in *Legions*. But as he was in this *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a *half turn*, and ſtopt him. Old *Luckey-bird* (ſays ſhe) if thou wanteſt *Devils* here, where do'ſt expect to find them? He knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her. And ‘ Art thou *here* old Beelzebub ‘ in a Petticoat? (*ſaid he*) the very Pi- ‘ cture of *Satan*; The Coupler of Male ‘ and Female; The Buckle and Thong ‘ of Leachery; The Multiplier of ſin, ‘ and the Guide of Sinners; The Sea- ‘ ſoner of Rotten Mutton; The Inter- ‘ pretreſs betwixt Whores and Knaves; ‘ The Preface to the Remedy of Love, ‘ and the Prologue to the Critical Mi- ‘ nute. *Speak, and without more ado,* ‘ *tell me*; where are the Devils and ‘ their Dams that brought me hither? ‘ Theſe are none of them. *No, no*; I ‘ am not ſuch an Awſe as to be Trepan'd, ‘ and ſpirited away by *Devils* with *Tails*, ‘ *Horns*, *Briſtles*, *Wings*, that ſmell as if ‘ they had been ſmoakt in a *Chimney-*

‘ *Corner.*

' *Corner.* The Devils that I look for, are ' worſe than theſe. Where are the *Mo-* ' *thers* that play the *Bawds* to their *own* ' *Daughters?* and the *Aunts* that do as ' much for *their Neices*, and make them ' caper and ſparkle like Wild-fire? *The* ' *black-ey'd Girls*, that carry fire in their ' Eyes, and ſtrike as ſure as a *Lance* ' from the *Reſt* of a Cavalier? Where ' are the *Flatterers*, that ſpeak nothing ' but *pleaſing things?* *The Make-bates and* ' *Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker* ' *of Humane Society?* Where are the ' *Story-Mongers?* *The Maſters of the Fa-* ' *culty of Lying?* *That* Report *more than* ' *they* Hear, Affirm *more than they* Know, ' *and ſwear more than they* Believe. *Thoſe* ' *ſlanderous Backbiters*, that like *Vultures* ' prey only upon *Carrion?* Where are ' the *Hypocrites* that turn *Devotion* into ' *Intereſt*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Com-* ' *mandment?* That pretend *Extaſie*, ' when they are *drunk*; and utter the ' *Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* ' and *Tipple* for *Revelations?* That ' make *Chappels* of their *Parlours*; ' *Preachments* of their *ordinary Enter-* ' *tainments*; and every thing they do

' is

'is a miracle. They can Divine all 'that's told them; and raiſe people to 'life again, that counterfeit ſick, when 'they ſhould work; and give an honeſt 'man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*. 'Theſe are the Devils I would be at: 'Theſe are they that have damn'd me; 'look them out, and find them for me, 'ye impudent Hag, or I ſhall be ſo bold 'as to ſearch your French Hood for 'them. And with that word, he fell on upon the poor *Governante*, tore off her *Head-Geer*, and laid about him ſo furiouſly, that there would have been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made uſe of his *Abſolute Authority* to *quiet* him.

Immediately upon the compoſing of this Fray, we heard the ſhooting of *Bars* and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors* and *Hindges* that creakt for want of Greaſe, and a ſtrange humming of a great number of *People*. The firſt that appear'd, were a company of *Bold, Talkative*, and *painted old Women*; but as *bonny* and *gameſome*, tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never ſeen *Thirteen*; and carrying it out with an

an Air of much ſatisfaction and content. The *Babler* was ſomewhat ſcandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell*: and ſeveral others admir'd it as much, and aſkt them the reaſon of it, conſidering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang, that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Reſpect; that *at their firſt coming, they were as ſad as it was poſſible for a company of damn'd old Jades to be.* But (ſays ſhe) we were a little comforted, when we he a rd f no other Puniſhments here, than *Weeping* and *Gnaſhing of Teeth*; and in ſome hope to come off upon reaſonable terms: for we have not among us all ſo much as a *drop* of *moiſture* in our *bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. *Search them preſently* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) *ſqueeze the* Balls *of their* Eyes, *and let their* Gums *be* examin'd, you'll find *Snags*, *Stumps*, or *Roots*; or enough of ſomewhat or other there to ſpoil the Jeſt. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found ſo dry, that they were good for no-

nothing in the world, but to ſerve for *Tinder* or *Matches*, and ſo they were diſpos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-Boxes.*

While they were *caſing* up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *ſeveral ſorts* and *qualities*, that call'd out to the firſt they ſaw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (ſaid they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the* Court of Rewards? How's That (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but ſince you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, Good, (ſaid the whole Multitude) you'l quickly find where you are: *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *Right Hand.* This is *Hell*, and a place of *Puniſhment*; Here's no *Regiſtry* of *Rewards.* Then we are miſtaken (ſaid he that ſpake firſt.) How ſo? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You ſhall hear (ſaid the other) We were in the other world intitled to *the Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a ſmall ſum upon *the King's High-way*: we underſtood ſomewhat too of the *Croſs-bite*, and the uſe of the *frail Dye.* Some of our conſcientious and

and charitable friends, would fain have drawn us off from the courſe we were in; and to give them their due, beſtow'd a great deal of good counſel upon us to very little purpoſe; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We aſkt them, *What would you have us do?* Money *we have* none, *and* without it there's no living: *ſhould we ſtay till it were* brought, *or* came alone? *How would ye have a poor* Individuum Vagum *to live? that has neither* Eſtate, Office, Maſter, *nor* Friend *to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unleſs he be either in a* Tavern, *a* Bawdy-houſe, *or a* Gaming Ordinary. *Now, That's the man that* Providence *has appointed to live* by his Wits. Our *Adviſers* ſaw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that *in the other world we ſhould meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us ſometime, how *baſe* a thing it was to defame the *Houſe*, and abuſe the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our *anſwer* was ready; Well! and had we 'not better do it there where the houſe 'is open to us, the Maſter and Lady 'kind;

'kind, the occaſion fair and eaſie; than 'to run a *Catterwawling* into a Family 'where every Servant in the Houſe is a 'Spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind 'every Door in the Houſe with a Dag-'ger, or Piſtol in his hand to entertain us. Upon this, our Grave *Counſellors* finding us ſo reſolute, e'en gave us over, and told us as before; that, *In the other world we ſhould meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be *the other World* theſe honeſt men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! ſaid *an Officer of Juſtice*, there at hand; How many of your reprobated Companions, have ſquander'd away their Fortunes upon *Whores* and *Dice*, expoſing not only their *Wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family* to a *ſhameful* and *irreparable Ruine:* And let any man put in a word of wholeſome advice, their Anſwer is, 'Tuſh, Tuſh; Our Wives and 'Children are in the hands of *Provi-'dence*; and let him provide for the 'Rooks, that feeds the Ravens. Then was it told ye, *you ſhould find your Reward in*

in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye ſhall receive it: *Up, up then ye curſed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, *a Legion of Devils* fell on upon the miſerable Caitiffs, with *Whips* and *Firebrands*, and gave them their long expected *Reward*; And at every laſh, a Voice was heard to ſay, *In the other World you ſhall receive your Reward.* Theſe Wretches in the mean while, *damning* and *ſinking themſelves to the pit of Hell*, ſtill, as if they had been upon *Earth*, and vomiting their *cuſtomary* and *execrable Blaſphemies.*

Juſt as this ſtorm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bailiffs*, *Serjeants*, *Catchpoles*, *and other Officers of Prey*, with the *Thieves Devil*, *bound hand and foot*, and a foul *Accuſation* againſt him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance, took his ſeat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So ſoon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) 'a Devil (moſt mighty *Lucifer*) that 'ſtands charg'd with Ignorance in his

'Trade; and the shame of his Quality and Profession, instead of *damning* men, he has made it his business to *save* them. The word *save*, put the Court in such a Rage, that they bit their lips, till the blood started, and the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and *Lucifer*, turning about to his *Atturney*; *Who would ever have imagin'd*, said he, *that so treacherous a Rascal could have been harbour'd in my Dominions?* It is most certain, my gracious Lord, reply'd the *Atturney*, that this Devil has been very diligent in drawing people into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then when they come to be discover'd, they are clapt up and hang'd, or some mischief or other. But still before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to shrift; and many times the toy takes them in the head, to *confess* and *repent*, and so they are *sav'd*. Now this silly Devil thinks, that when he has brought them to *Steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like, he has done his part, and so he leaves them: whereas he should stick close to them in the Prison; and be tempting of them to despair, and make away

'them-

'themſelves. But when they are once 'left to the *Prieſt*, he commonly brings 'them to a ſight of their ſins, and they 'ſcape. Now *this ſimple Devil* was not 'aware, it ſeems, that *many a ſoul goes to 'Heaven from the Gallows*, the *Wheel*, 'and the *Faggot*: and this failing has 'loſt your Highneſs many a fair Pur-'chaſe. Here's enough (cry'd the *Pre-'ſident*) and there needs no more Charge 'againſt him. The poor Devil thought 'it was high time to ſpeak now, when 'they were juſt upon the point of paſ-'ſing his Sentence; and ſo he cry'd out, 'My Lord (ſaid he) I beſeech you hear 'me; for though they ſay the Devil is 'deaf, it is not meant of your Greatneſs: ſo there was a general ſilence, and thus he proceeded.

'I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn 'is the way to Paradiſe, and many a man 'goes to Heaven from the Gallows.* But 'if you will ſet thoſe that are *damn'd 'for condemning others*, againſt *thoſe that 'are ſav'd from the Gallows*, *Hell* will be 'found no Loſer by me at the foot of 'the Accompt. How many *Marſhal's-'men*, *Turn-Keys*, and *Keepers* have I ſent

ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the ſlip now and then, with his *falſe Money* (always provided they leave *better Money* inſtead on't) How many *falſe Witneſſes*, and *Knights of the Poſt*, that would ſet their Conſciences like *Clocks* to go faſter or ſlower, according as they had *more* or *leſs weight*, and ſwear *ex tempore*, at all *Rates* and *Prices!* How many *Soliicitors*, *Atturnies*, and *Clerks*, that would draw ye up a *Declaration* or an *Inditement* ſo ſlily, that I my ſelf could hardly diſcover any *Error* in't; and yet when it came to the *Teſt*, it was as plain as the Noſe on a mans face (that is to ſay again, Provided they were well paid for the Faſhion) How many *Jaylers* that would wink at an *Eſcape* for a *Luſty Bribe*! And how many *Atturnies* that would give ye *diſpatch* or *delay* thereafter as they were greas'd! Now after all this, what does it ſignifie, if *one Thief of a thouſand comes to the Gallows*? he only ſuffers becauſe he was *poor*, that there may be the better trading for the *rich*, and without any deſign in the world to ſuppreſs ſtealing. Nay, *It often falls*

out,

'*out*, that *they that bring the Malefactor* '*to the Gibbet, are the worſe Criminals of* '*the two.* But they are never lookt af- 'ter; or if they ſhould be, they have 'tricks and fetches enough to bring 'themſelves off; ſo that it fares in this 'caſe, as it did with him that had his 'houſe troubled with *Rats*, and would 'needs take in a company of *Cats* to 'deſtroy them: The *Rats* would be 'nibbling at his *Cheeſe*, his *Bacon*, a *Cruſt* '*of Bread*, and now and then a *Candles* '*End*: But when the *Cats* came, down 'went a *Milk-bowl*, away goes a *Brace of* '*Partriges*, or a *Couple* of *Pigeons*, and the 'poor man muſt content himſelf to go 'ſupperleſs to bed. In the concluſion, the '*Rats* were *Troubleſome*, but the *Cats* 'were intollerable. *And then there's* '*This in't*; ſuppoſe *one poor fellow hangs* '*and goes to Heaven*; *I do but give him in* '*truck for two hundred at leaſt, that de-* '*ſerve to be hang'd, but 'ſcape and go to* '*Hell at laſt.* Beſide; *a Thief upon a Gib-* '*bet, is as good as a Roaſted Dog in a Pi-* '*geon-Houſe*; for ye ſhall immediately 'have *two or three thouſand Witches a-* '*bout him*, for ſnips of his *Halter* an *Eye-*

‘ *Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his *Fat*, which ‘ is of Sovereign use in many of their ‘ Charms. But in fine, let me do what ‘ I will, my services are not understood. ‘ My Successor, it may be, will discharge ‘ his Duty better, and indeed I am ve‘ry well content to lay down my *Com‘mission*; for (*to say the Truth*) I am in ‘ Years, and would gladly have a little ‘ Rest now, in my old age, which I ra‘ther propose to my self in the Ser‘vice of some *Pretender*, than where ‘ I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the End, gave him all the satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging *the Evil Spirits* that had abus'd him, to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pains Corporal and Spiritual:* And they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment, for he was strong enough yet to do very good service in it. But to think of *Easing himself*, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (says he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd

liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can ſee, than to *keep his Ears open*, and *learn his trade*. For put Caſe it ſhould be ſome *Pretender* to a *Good Office*, or *a Fat Biſhoprick* (though the *Fathers*, and *Councils* are *againſt Pretenders* in *This Caſe*) I Phanſie to my ſelf, all the Pleaſure, and Divertiſement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *theſe People teach the Devils their A. B. C.* And all that we have to do, is to *ſit ſtill*, and *learn*.

The *Viſion* that follow'd this, was the *Dæmon* of *Tabacca*; which I muſt confeſs did not a little ſurprize me. I have indeed, often *ſaid* to my ſelf; *Certainly theſe Smokers are Poſſeſt*; but I could never *ſwear it* till now. I have (ſaid the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Maſſacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done Them more Miſchief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*: By how much it is more honourable, to dye upon a *Swords point*, by *Gunſhot*, or *at the Mouth of a Can-*

non; than for a man to *Snivel*, and *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is *the Ordinary effect of this poisonous Tabacca.* It is with *Tobacconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume*, and *Vaper*, but the *Devil sticks to them still.* Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Extasie.* In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel.*

The Devil of *Subordination* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a *well timber'd Devil*: To my great Amazement I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extreme Ugly. The Air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a Thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, some-

ſometime open; now under one ſhape, and then under another. One while he call'd himſelf *Child's-play*; Another while, *Kind Entertainment*; Here, *Payment*; there, *Reſtitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*: but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in ſome places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good Cheap*; *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there, *Batchelor*. With the *Lawyers*, *Sollicitors*, and *Atturneys*, he paſt under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confeſſors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and ſtil'd himſelf *Satans Lieutenant*: but there was *a Devil of Conſequence* that oppos'd him, might and main: and made This Proclamation of himſelf. *Be it known*, (ſays he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, The Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuſe of Tyrants. I can make Black, White; and give what Colour I pleaſe to the fouleſt Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confuſion, I could do it; for I have it in my Power,*

to

to Baniſh Order *and* Reaſon *out of it: To turn* Saucineſs, *and* Importunity *into* Merit; Example *into* Neceſſity; *To give* Law *to* Succeſs; Authority *to* Infamy; *and* Credit *to* Inſolence. *I have the* Tongues *of all* Counſellers *at my Girdle, and they ſhall ſpeak neither more nor leſs than juſt as I pleaſe.* In ſhort, *That's Eaſie to me which others account Impoſſible, and while I live, ye need never fear either* Virtue, Juſtice *or Good Government in* the World. This Devil of *Subornation*, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Raſcal that no Perſon of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors* and *Diſguiſes*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himſelf; and let me hear no more of thoſe Diſputes about the *Lieutenancy* of *Hell*, for *I have Lucifer's Broad Seal to ſhew for my Title to't.*

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of thoſe *humble-minded Devils* that can content my ſelf to *hold the Door*, upon a good Occaſion; or *knock under the Table*, and *play at*

ſmall

ſmall Game rather than ſtand out. But *few words among Friends are beſt*, and when I have ſpoken three or four, let him come up that liſts. I am then (ſays he) *the Devil Interpreter*, and my buſineſs is to *Gloſs* upon the *Text*; In which Caſe, the *Cuckolds* are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to ſay for the Honour of the *Horn. How ſhould a poor Fellow that has a handſome Wench to his Wife*, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing *good Offices* for *Diſtreſſed Ladies*, at a time of *Need*; and I make the whole Sex ſenſible how great a *Folly*, and *Madneſs* it is to *neglect* thoſe *ſweet opportunities*. Among other Secrets, *I have found out a way to eſtabliſh an Office for Thievery, where the Officers ſhall be Thieves and Juſtifie it when they have done.* Here he ſtop't.

There was a ſhort Silence, and then there appear'd *another Devil, of about a foot and a half long.* I am (ſays he) a *Devil* but of a ſmall ſize, and perhaps one of the leaſt in *Hell*; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

ther; for I never come *Empty handed. Why, what have you brought them?* (ſays the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an* Eternal Talker, *and a* Finical Flatterer: *They are two pieces that were in high Eſteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a* Preſent *to* Lucifer. With That, *Lucifer* caſt his Eye upon them, and with a *Damn'd Verjuice-Face*, as if he had bitten a *Crab*, *You do well* (ſays he) *to ſay ye had them at Court*; and I think you ſhould do well to carry them thither again; for *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

After him, follow'd *another Dwarf Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of ſix years about ſo infamous a Raſcal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better ſort* were Scandaliz'd at his Converſation. *A mighty Piece of buſineſs*, cry'd *the Governante. And could you not have gotten him a handſome Office, or employment?* That would have made him good for ſomething, and you might have done his buſineſs.

In

In the mean time the *Babler* went *whiſpering* up and down, and *finding faults*, till at length he came to a *huge bundle of ſleeping Devils* in a Corner, that were *fagotted* up, and all *mouldy* and full of *Cobwebs*, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them *Air*. With much ado, they waked them, and askt *what Devils they were*; *what they did there, and why they were not upon Duty*. They fell a *Yawning*, and ſaid, that they were the *Devils* of *Luxury*: But ſince the *Women* have taken a Phanſie to prefer *Guinies* and *Jacobuſſes*, before their *Modeſty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the Caſe to tempt them: for 'tis but ſhewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll *dare* like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purſe-net*. *Gold ſupplies all imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philoſopher*; and a *Dreſſing-Box well lin'd is worth twenty thouſand Devils*. S[illegible] *there is no temptation like a Pre-*[illegible] take them from *Top* to *Bottom*, *the*

the whole Race of Woman is frail, and *one Thred of Pearl will do more with them than a million of fine stories.*

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *sleep of a contented Cuckold*, *that would spoil no sport where he made none.* I am (says he) *the Nuns Devil*, and for want of other employment I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils themselves then*; There is such *Canvasing*, *Flattering*, *Importuning*, *Cajoling*, *making of Parties*; and in a word so general a *Confusion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devils. And *if ever Hell should be in danger of a Peace, It is my Advice, that you presently call in a Convention of Nuns to the Election of an Abbess*; which would most certainly reduce

reduce it to its ancient ſtate of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confuſion*, and bring us all in effect to ſuch a paſs, that we ſhould hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Regiſter*, as a ſure Expedient to ſuppreſs any diſorders that might happen for the future to the diſturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the iſſuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Liverymen*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a *Hideous* Yell deliver'd himſelf moſt graciouſly as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Truſty* and *Deſpairing Legions*, *and well-beloved Subjects*, lying under the Condemnation of *Perpetual Darkneſs*, that liv'd *Penſioners* to *ſin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay Maſter*, *Greeting*. This is to let you underſtand, that there are *two Devils*, who pretend a claim to the honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have abſolutely refus'd to gratifie

tifie either the One or the Other, in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin*, a certain *She-Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering* and *muttering*, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted her self before *the degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the face, and then he on in the tone he first began.

It is our *Will, Pleasure*, and *Command*, that next and immediately under *our proper Person*, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*, and *obey* her, as the *most mighty* and *supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have confer'd upon her, as due to her merit; for *she hath damn'd more Souls than all* you together. She it is that makes men cast off

all

all *fear of God*, and *Love of their Neighbour*. She it is, that makes men place their *Soveraign good* in *Riches*. That *Engages* and *Entangles* mens *minds* in *Vanity*; ſtrikes them *blind* in their *Pleaſures*; *Loads* them with *Treaſure*, and *Buries* them in *ſin*. Where's the *Tragedy* that ſhe has not play'd her part in't? Where's the *Stability* and *Wiſdom* that ſhe has not *ſtagger'd*? Where's the *Folly* that ſhe has not *improv'd* and *augmented*? *She takes no Counſel, and fears no Puniſhment*. She it is that furniſhes *matter* for *Scandal*, *experience* for *Story*, that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in *Innocent Bloud*. How many Souls, that liv'd *innocent*, while they were poor, have fallen into *impiety* and *reprobation*, ſo ſoon as ever they came to drink of the *inchanted Cup of Proſperity!* Go to then, be *Obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all, as to *Our Self*: and know, that *They that ſtand their ground againſt Proſperity are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time loſt to attempt them. Take example from that *impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he perſecuted him, begger'd him,

cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. Sot that he was! it he had underſtood his buſineſs, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiplyed *Riches* upon him; and to have poſſeſt him of *Health* and *Pleaſures*. That's the Tryal; and how many are there that when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never ſo much as *name* their *Creator*; but in Oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their Diſcourſe is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchaſes*, and the like. Whereas the *poor man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. Lord (ſays he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my truſt is in thee.* Wherefore (ſays *Lucifer*, redoubling his accurſed clamour) let it be Publiſht forthwith throughout all our Territories, that, *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Perſecutions are our mortal Enemies*: for ſo we have found them upon Experience: they are the *Diſpenſations* of *Providence*, the *Bleſſings* of the *Almighty*, to fit ſinners for himſelf, and they that *ſuffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item; For the better adminiſtration

of

of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleaſure*, and *we do ſtrictly charge and command*, that our Devils give conſtant *attendance* in all *Courts of Judicature*; and they are hereby totally diſcharged from any further care of *little Petty Foggers*, *Flatterers*, and *Envious Perſons*, for they are ſo well acquainted with *Hell Rode*, that they'l guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item; We do *Ordain* and *Command* that no *Devil* preſume for the future to entertain any *Conſident*, but *Profit*; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Nice* the moſt *commodious Quarter*, even in the *ſtraiteſt Conſciences*.

Item; We do *Ordain*, as a matter of great importance to the conſervation of our Empire, that in what part ſoever of our Dominions, *the Devil of Money* ſhall vouchſafe to appear, *all other Devils* there preſent, ſhall *riſe*, and with a *low Reverence*, preſent him the *Chair*, in token of their *ſubmiſſion* to his *Power* and *Authority*.

Item; We do moſt expreſly *Charge* and *Command* all our *Officers*, as well *Civil* as *Military*, to employ their utmoſt

Diligence and *Industry*, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the World. For that's the time for *wickedness* to *thrive* in, and all sorts of *Vices* to *prosper* and *flourish*; as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleness*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gaming*, and *Whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour* and *Vertue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *morning*, for fear of being *Knockt on the Head after Dinner*: and *honest men* and *actions* are *rewarded*.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers* and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of *tempting Men* and *Women* to sins of *Incontinence*, for as much as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery* and *Fornication will never be left, till the old Woman scratches the stool for her backside*. And though there may be several *intervals* of *Repentance*, and some *faint Purposes* of giving it over: yet the Humour returns again with the next Tide of *Blood*, and *Concupiscence* is as *Loyal* a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item;

Item; In conſideration of the *Exemption* aforeſaid, by which means ſeveral poor *Devils* are left without preſent employment; And *foraſmuch as there are many Merchants and Tradeſmen in* London, Paris, Madrid, Amſterdam, *and elſewhere, up and down the world, that are very charitably diſpos'd to relieve People in want*; *eſpecially* young Heirs *newly at Age, and* Spend-Thrifts, *that come to borrow money of them*; *but the times being Dead, and little money ſtirring, all they can do is to furniſh them with what the Houſe affords*; *and if a hundred pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their ſervice* (they ſay). *This the Gallant takes up at an exceſſive Rate, to ſell again immediately for what he can get*; *& the Merchant has his friend to take it off under-hand, at a third part of the value* (which is the way of helping men in diſtreſs.) *Now out of a ſingular Reſpect to the ſaid* Merchants *and* Tradeſmen, *and for their better Encouragement*; *as alſo to the end that the Devils aforeſaid may not run into lewd Courſes, for want of buſineſs*; *We Will and Require that a Legion of the ſaid Devils, ſhall from time to time be continually aiding and aſſiſting*

to the said Merchants *and* Tradesmen, *in the Quality of* Factors, *to be reliev'd monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftner if occasion shall require.*

Item, We will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth Entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with Our Trusty, and well belov'd, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, *and* all Pretenders to great Places, *and* Dignities: *and above all Others, with the* Hypocrites, *who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, That they steal away People's Hearts and Souls at the Eyes, and Ears, insensibly, and draw to themselves* Adoration, *and* Reward.

Item; We do further *Order*, and *Command*, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of *Blabs*, *Informers*, *Incendiaries*, and *Parasites* in all *Courts*, and *Palaces*, for thence comes *Our Harvest.*

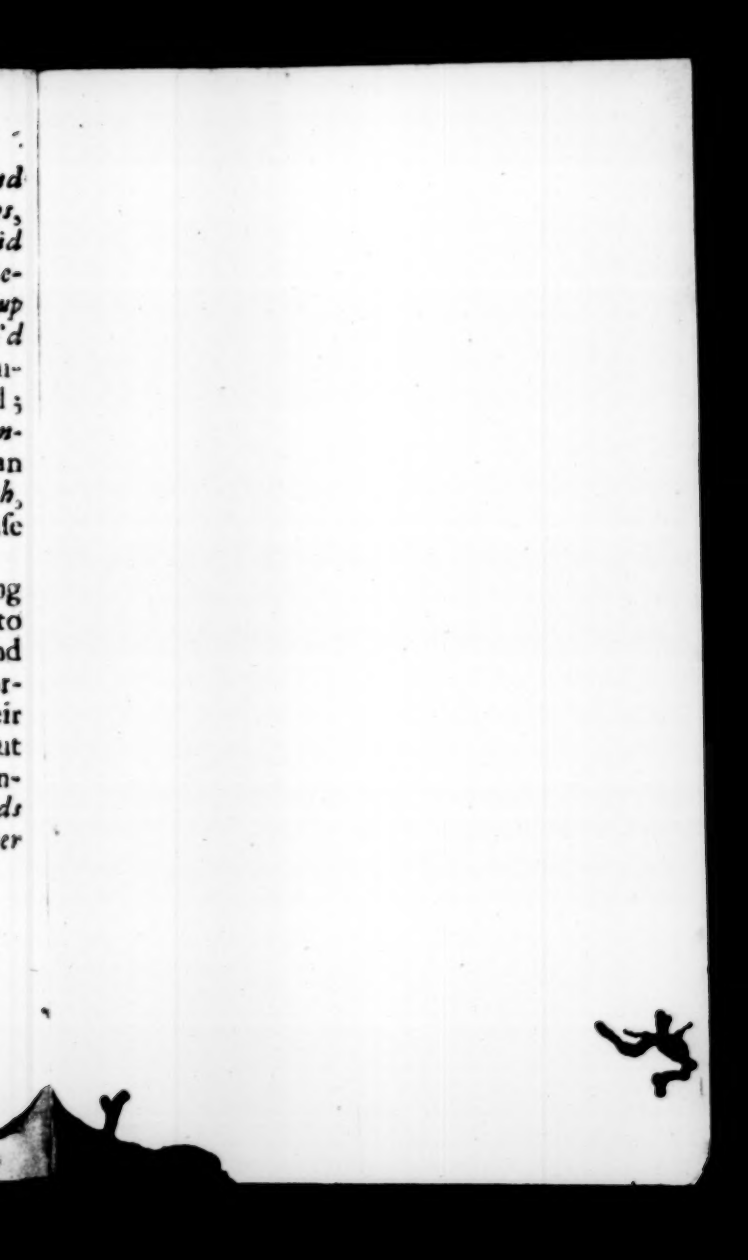
Item; That the *Bablers*, *Tale-Bearers*, *Make-Bates*, and *Instruments of Divorces*, *and Quarrels*, *be no longer call'd* Fannes, *but* Bellows; *in regard that they* draw, *and* Inflame, *without giving any* Allay, *or* Refreshment.

Item;

Item; *That the* Intermedlers *be hereafter call'd, and Reputed the* Devils Body-Lice, *becauſe they fetch Blood of thoſe that feed, and Nouriſh them.*

Lucifer then catting a Soure Look over his Shoulder, and ſpying the *Governante*: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that ſaid, *Let God diſpoſe of the Doüegnas (or Governantes) as he pleaſes*; for *I'm in no little Trouble, how to diſpoſe of theſe Confounded Carrions.* Whereupon, the *Damn'd* cry'd out with one Voice: *Oh!* Lucifer, *let it never be ſaid, that it rain'd Doüegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miſerable enough without this new Plague of being baited by Haggs? Ah! Curſed* Lucifer; (cry'd every one to himſelf) *ſtow them any where, ſo they come not near me. And with that, they all clapt their Tayls between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer*, finding how the *Dread* of the *old Women* wrought upon the *Devils*, contented himſelf, at the preſent, to let it paſs only *in Terrorem*; *but withal*, he ſwore *by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be ſav'd, that what Devil, Devils Damme, or Reprobate ſoever, ſhould in time to come*

come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least degree disobedient to his Laws, and Ordinances; All, and every the said Devil, or Devils; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the torture of the Douegna; *and ty'd* Muzzle to Muzzle; *so to remain* in Secula Seculorum, *without* Relief *or* Appeal; or *any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding.* But in the Mean time, Cast them into that *Dry Ditch*, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any Occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retir'd to his *Cell*; The *Weather clear'd* up; and the *Company dispers't* in a *fright*, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.